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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON.—The PROFESSORSHIP OF CIVIL ENGINEERING is now VACANT by the resignation of Professor Vignoles, in consequence of professional engagements. Candidates for the appointment are requested to send in applications and testimonials to the Council on or before Tuesday, 23rd July, 1844.
CHAS. C. ATKINSON,
Secretary to the Council.

RAY SOCIETY, instituted 2nd February, 1844.—This Society has been formed upon the principle of the Parker, Camden, Sydenham, and other Societies for the purpose of securing to those attached to the study of Natural History, such Works on the various branches of Zoology and Botany as could not be obtained by other means, and will consist of original works; of new editions of works of established merit; of rare tracts and MSS.; and of translations and reprints of foreign works. Every Subscriber of one guinea annually will be considered a Member of the Society, and will be entitled to a copy of every work published by the Society. The Council have great pleasure in stating that the number of Members already exceeds three hundred, and they call the attention of their friends to the necessity of sending in their names as early as possible, in order that they may be enabled to determine the number of copies of their works which they ought to print. The Council hope to publish two volumes before Christmas, the first of which will consist of translations, from the German and Italian, of reports on the progress of Zoology and Botany during the last four years.

Communications on the business of the Society are requested to be addressed to the Secretary, Dr. George Johnston, Berwick-upon-Tweed, and Dr. Lauckner, Golden-square, London. Subscriptions to be sent by post-office order or cheque to the Treasurer, J. S. Dowerbank, Esq., 45, Park-street, Islington.
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The SCHOOL will RE-OPEN on Monday, July 29, 1844. Information may be obtained on application to the Honorary Secretary, 13, Newhall-street, Birmingham.

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THE TWENTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Governors and Friends of this Institution will be held on TUESDAY, July 18, at the Dispensary: The Most Noble the MARQUESS OF EXETER, K.G., Vice-president, in the Chair. The Chair will be taken at One o'clock.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1844.

REVIEWS

The Life of Lord Chancellor Eldon. By Horace Twiss, Esq. 3 vols. Murray.

THE Chancellorship of England is a great position, and the life of one who occupied it for many years, must of necessity have passed amongst memorable scenes, remarkable events, and distinguished men. The bar, the senate, the council, the cabinet, the palace, are so many fields of experience and adventure, through which it would seem impossible to pass without collecting large stores, not merely of anecdotal information, but of the higher knowledge of men and affairs, which become afterwards the materials of history. It is not therefore at all surprising that the life of Lord Eldon has proved a work which will interest and gratify the public in no slight degree. As it will not be in our power to confine our extracts and observations to a single notice, we shall content ourselves at present with offering little more than a series of quotations, reserving to another occasion the remarks that we shall have to make upon the merits of the biography, and perhaps upon the character of Lord Eldon himself.

Amongst the other sources from which the editor has drawn his information is a MS. book of anecdotes and observations noted down by Lord Eldon in his latter years. It would be well if more eminent men kept such agreeable and useful records. How characteristic of the man is the first extract from this repertory!—

"The manuscript Anecdote Book, which Lord Eldon wrote in his latter years for his grandson's amusement and information, and of which the most material contents, according to the date of the respective subjects, will be found in the following pages, begins with this cautious record: 'I was born, I believe, on the 4th of June, 1751.'"

There are two long chapters of school-boy adventures, scrapes, pranks, whippings, and the like disasters, of which it appears that his lordship had so many in his early days, that perhaps they may help to account for the extreme caution which so curiously marked his character in future life. Phrenology will take a hint from the following incident, and immediately institute a close survey of his Lordship's cranium:—

"The only serious disaster which happened to John Scott in his boyhood, was a fall backward, from a window seat, against a desk or bench—so severe, as to lay open his head and leave him insensible on the ground. His intellects and even his life were for some time despaired of: and to the end of his days there remained a deep indentation near the crown of the skull."

From the Grammar School of Newcastle John Scott was sent to Oxford. But his first journey was to London in a "fly," which was considered a miracle of velocity, as it only took four days and four nights to accomplish the distance! This, however, was full fast enough for the embryo Chancellor, who was charmed by the motto on the coach, "*Sat cito, si sat bene.*"

He seems to have instantly adopted this adage as his rule of life. Entering London, he sees a sedan-chair overset, and immediately applies the motto of the Newcastle fly:—

"This, thought I, is more than *sat cito*, and it certainly is not *sat bene*.—In short, in all that I have had to do in future life, professional and judicial, I have always felt the effect of this early admonition, on the panels of the vehicle which conveyed me from school, '*Sat cito, si sat bene.*' It was the impression of this which made me that deliberative judge—as some have said, too deliberative;—and reflection upon all that is past will not authorize me to deny that, whilst I have been thinking '*sat cito, si sat bene*,' I may not have sufficiently recollected whether '*sat bene, si sat cito*' has had its due influence."

The last words show that he was not unconscious of the intellectual defect under which he laboured. Most proverbs are dangerous rules of life, and we would not advise a chancellor to adopt either "*sat cito, si sat bene*," or "*sat bene, si sat cito.*"

Here is a picture of Oxford and of a Doctor of Divinity, 1769:—

"In the middle of the last century, Oxford saw at least as much of hard drinking as of hard study. The Anecdote Book tells a story of a Doctor of Divinity, whom Mr. John Scott saw trying, under the influence of some inspiration much stronger than that of the Pterian stream, to make his way to Brasenose College through Radcliffe Square. He had reached the library, a rotunda then without railings, and, unable to support himself except by keeping one hand upon the building, he continued walking round and round, until a friend, coming out of the College, espied the distress of the case, and rescued him from the orbit in which he had been so unsteadily revolving. In days when Doctors of Divinity were thus unguarded in their conviviality, undergraduates could hardly be expected to preserve a very strict temperance. Among the waggeries of the wine parties, Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has preserved one, which will put the reader in mind of Swift's English derivations from classical names. At Corpus Christi College there were drinking-cups, or glasses, which, from their shape, were called ox-eyes. Some friends of a young student, after seducing him to fill his ox-eye much fuller and oftener than consisted with his equilibrium, took pity at last on his helpless condition, and led or carried him to his rooms. He had just Latin enough left at command, to thank them at the stair head with, '*Pol, me ox-eyo-distis, amici.*'"

Here is an equally attractive peep at the intellectual dignity of the same august establishment:—

"Mr. John Scott took his Bachelor's degree, in Hilary term, on the 20th of February, 1770.—'An examination for a degree at Oxford,' he used to say, 'was a farce in my time. I was examined in Hebrew and in History. "What is the Hebrew for the place of a skull?"—I replied, "*Golgotha.*"—"Who founded University College?"—I stated (though, by the way, the point is sometimes doubted), "that King Alfred founded it."—"Very well, sir," said the examiner, "you are competent for your degree."

John Scott had recollections of Dr. Johnson at Oxford. We suspect there was more real than affected bigotry in the following piece of college fun:—

"Lord Eldon's Anecdote Book has the following reminiscences of Dr. Johnson at Oxford:—"I had a walk in New Inn Hall Garden, with Dr. Johnson, Sir Robert Chambers, and some other gentlemen. Sir Robert was gathering snails, and throwing them over the wall into his neighbour's garden. The Doctor reproached him very roughly, and stated to him that this was unmanly and unneighbourly. "Sir," said Sir Robert, "my neighbour is a Dissenter."—"Oh!" said the Doctor, "if so, Chambers, toss away, toss away, as hard as you can."

Here is an "apple-pie case," the first case that Lord Eldon ever tried, and in which we are much struck by his expeditious administration of justice:—

"The first cause I ever decided was an apple-pie case: I must tell you of it, Mary. I was, you know, a senior fellow at University College, and two of the undergraduates came to complain to me, that the cook had sent them an apple-pie that could not be eaten. So I said I would hear both sides. I summoned the cook to make his defence; who said that he always paid the utmost attention to the provisions of the College, that he never had any thing unfit for the table, and that there was then a remarkably fine fillet of veal in the kitchen. Now here we were at fault; for I could not understand what a fillet of veal in the kitchen had to do with an apple-pie in the Hall. So, in order that I might come to a right understanding of the merits of the case, I ordered the pie itself to be brought before me. Then came an easy decision: for the messenger returned and informed me, that the other undergraduates had taken

advantage of the absence of the two complainants, and had eaten the whole of the apple-pie: so you know it was impossible for me to decide that *that* was not eatable, which was actually eaten. I often wished in after-life that all the causes were apple-pie causes: fine easy work it would have been."

A man may be a good judge though no great lawyer, as the following anecdote and comment prove:—

"When Mr. Hotham was made Baron of the Exchequer, who had never had any business at the Bar, but who, by the effect of great natural good sense and discretion, made a good Judge, he gave, as usual a dinner at Serjeants' Inn, to the Judges and the Serjeants. Serjeant Hill drank his health thus:—"Mr. Baron Botham, I drink your health."—Somebody gently whispered the Serjeant, that the Baron's name was not Botham but Hotham.—"Oh!" said the Serjeant aloud, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Baron Hotham, I beg your pardon for calling you Mr. Baron Botham—but none of us ever heard your name in the profession before this day!"

On being called to the bar, Lord Eldon made a stingy bargain with Mrs. Scott, but it turned out that she had the best of it:—

"When I was called to the Bar," said he to Mrs. Forster, "Bessy and I thought all our troubles were over: business was to pour in, and we were to be almost rich immediately. So I made a bargain with her, that during the following year, all the money I should receive in the first eleven months should be mine, and whatever I should get in the twelfth month should be hers. What a stingy dog I must have been to make such a bargain! I would not have done so afterwards. But however, so it was; *that* was our agreement: and how do you think it turned out? In the twelfth month I received half a guinea; eighteen pence went for fees, and Bessy got nine shillings: in the other eleven months I got not one shilling."

There is a difference between a solicitor-general and a major-general, as we learn from the amusing story of the King of Prussia and the celebrated Mr. Dunning:—

"It is related that Mr. Dunning, who was the most eminent of the counsel practising in the Court of King's Bench when Mr. Scott first entered the profession, 'had, some years before, when Solicitor General, diverted himself by making an excursion, in vacation time, to Prussia. From his title of Solicitor General, the King supposed him to be a general officer in the British army; so he invited him to a great review of his troops, and mounted him, as an eminent military person, upon one of his finest chargers. The charger carried the Solicitor General through all the evolutions of the day, the 'General' in every movement being in a most dreadful fright, and the *Horse's duty* never allowing him to dismount. He was so terrified and distressed by this great compliment, that he said he never would go abroad again as a general of any sort."

Lord Eldon himself made no great figure in arms, and it would seem that his friend Lord Ellenborough was equally unmartial, (perhaps reserving all his prowess to bequeath to his son):

"Not content with serving the Crown in his civil capacity, Sir John Scott had thought proper to evince his loyalty in a military character also; but, according to his own account, the sword became him by no means so well as the gown. He records his deficiency in the following passage of his Anecdote Book:—"During the long war I became one of the Lincoln's Inn Volunteers, Lord Ellenborough at the same time being one of that corps. It happened, unfortunately for the military character of both of us, that we were *turned out of the awkward squadron* for awkwardness. I think Ellenborough was more awkward than I was, but others thought that it was difficult to determine which of us was the worst." He told Mrs. Forster that his brother William did better, and actually commanded a corps."

Although the anecdote book contains many entertaining incidents, relating to men of the day, it is interlarded with palpable "Joe Millers," and the editor has not been careful to separate the tares from the wheat. Here is one of the

"Joe Millers" appropriated by the Lord Chancellor:—

"From Ulverstone to Lancaster," says the Anecdote Book, "you may go by the shore, or by a road inland. The former is much the shorter ride, but very dangerous if the tide comes in. I asked the landlord of the inn at Ulverstone whether any persons were ever lost in going by the sea-shore to Lancaster, as our party wished to save time and go by the nearest way there. 'No, no,' he answered, 'I think nobody has ever been lost—they have been all found at low water.'"

Lord Mansfield used to hold his levees on Sunday evenings, which were attended by Lord Eldon as well as by the rest of the bar. On one of the sabbatical meetings Lord Mansfield prophesied concerning newspapers in manner following:—

"Well, I went, and it so happened, on that evening, I was the first, and the then Duke of Northumberland came second; he had just been at Bath, and he was expatiating upon the enjoyment he had had there. 'But,' added his Grace, 'there is one comfort I could not have. I like to read the newspapers at breakfast, and at Bath the post does not come in till one o'clock: that was a drawback to my pleasure.'—'So,' said Lord Mansfield, 'your Grace likes the comfort of reading the newspapers—the comfort of reading the newspapers!—Mark my words. You and I shall not live to see it, but this young gentleman, Mr. Scott, may,—or it may be a little later,—but, a little sooner or later, those newspapers, if they go on as they now do, will most assuredly write the Dukes of Northumberland out of their titles and possessions, and the country out of its King. Mark my words, for this will happen."

Upon which the editor comments thus, candidly insinuating that all dishonest editors who invoke evil spirits, belong to the party or parties opposed to Conservatives:—

"There was a time, undoubtedly, when the boding of Lord Mansfield seemed to approach its fulfilment; but that danger has passed over: and according to all present appearance, the newspapers, conducted as with few exceptions they are, and adapting themselves, as for the most part they do, to the general sentiments of the most respectable classes of society, appear likely, instead of abetting an inroad upon property, to be among its most effective protectors. Indeed its cause is their own. The machinery of a newspaper is a property as valuable as the machinery of a cotton mill. The sphere of a leading newspaper's circulation is a good-will as profitable as that of a great professional practice among clients or patients. Perhaps, here or there, some dishonest editor may write up anarchy to lure buyers, so long as he feels assured that there is no danger of his beholding the evil spirit he invokes: but these are writers of very small circulation, and even these would be Conservatives were their types in jeopardy."

Lord Eldon was first brought into notice, he relates himself, by breaking the Ten Commandments:—

"I was about to join the Northern circuit in 1815, when the late Mr. Bell took me to one of Lord Eldon's levees. On my first introduction, Lord Eldon accosted me thus: 'So you are going to join my old circuit; you will perhaps be surprised to hear that I was first brought into notice on that circuit by breaking the Ten Commandments.' I should have supposed him to mean that he had read his briefs on Sunday; but there was that good-humoured gleam of the eye, which every one who recollects him will understand, and which puzzled me. He continued, 'I'll tell you how it was. I was counsel in a cause, the fate of which depended on our being able to make out who was the founder of an ancient chapel in the neighbourhood. I went to view it. There was nothing to be observed which gave any indication of its date or history: however, I observed that the Ten Commandments were written on some old plaster which, from its position, I conjectured might cover an arch. Acting on this, I bribed the clerk with five shillings to allow me to chip away a part of the plaster; and after two or three attempts, I found the key-stone of an arch, on which were engraved the arms of an ancestor of one of the parties.

This evidence decided the cause, and I ever afterwards had reason to remember, with some satisfaction, my having on that occasion broken the Commandments."

A circuit anecdote of Jemmy Boswell is amusing:—

"At an assizes at Lancaster, we found Dr. Johnson's friend, Jemmy Boswell, lying upon the pavement,—inebriated. We subscribed at supper a guinea for him and half a crown for his clerk, and sent him, when he waked next morning, a brief with instructions to move for what we denominated the writ of 'Quare adhesit pavimento,' with observations, duly calculated to induce him to think that it required great learning to explain the necessity of granting it to the judge, before whom he was to move. Boswell sent all round the town to attorneys for books, that might enable him to distinguish himself,—but in vain. He moved, however for the writ, making the best use he could of the observations in the brief. The judge was perfectly astonished, and the audience amazed. The judge said, 'I never heard of such a writ—what can it be that adheres pavimento? Are any of you gentlemen at the bar able to explain this?' The Bar laughed. At last one of them said, 'My Lord, Mr. Boswell last night adhesit pavimento. There was no moving him for some time. At last he was carried to bed, and he has been dreaming about himself and the pavement.'"

Another story is worthy of the Irish bar in its jolliest hours. It belongs to the meridian of Galway in the days before Mathew and his flood:—

"Another Northern circuit story of those days was told by Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster, about a party at the house of a certain Lawyer Fawcett, who gave a dinner every year to the counsel. 'On one occasion,' related Lord Eldon, 'I heard Lee say, "I cannot leave Fawcett's wine: mind, Davenport, you will go home immediately after dinner, to read the brief in that cause that we have to conduct to-morrow."—"Not I," said Davenport; "leave my dinner and my wine to read a brief! No, no, Lee—that won't do."—"Then," said Lee, "what is to be done? who else is employed?"—Davenport: "Oh, young Scott."—Lee: "Oh! he must go. Mr. Scott, you must go home immediately, and make yourself acquainted with that cause before our consultation this evening." This was very hard upon me; but I did go, and there was an attorney from Cumberland, and one from Northumberland, and I do not know how many other persons. Pretty late, in came Jack Lee as drunk as he could be. "I cannot consult to-night,—I must go to bed," he exclaimed, and away he went. Then came Sir Thomas Davenport: "We cannot have a consultation to-night, Mr. Wordsworth" (Wordsworth, I think, was the name; it was a Cumberland name), shouted Davenport: "don't you see how drunk Mr. Scott is? it is impossible to consult." Poor me, who had scarce had any dinner, and lost all my wine—I was so drunk that I could not consult! Well, a verdict was given against us, and it was all owing to Lawyer Fawcett's dinner. We moved for a new trial, and I must say, for the honour of the Bar, that those two gentlemen, Jack Lee and Sir Thomas Davenport, paid all the expenses between them of the first trial. It is the only instance I ever knew: but they did. We moved for a new trial (on the ground, I suppose, of the counsel not being in their senses), and it was granted. When it came on, the following year, the judge rose and said, "Gentlemen, did any of you dine with Lawyer Fawcett yesterday? for, if you did, I will not hear this cause till next year." There was great laughter. We gained the cause that time."

There are many stories of provincial juries, not at all to the credit of that ancient institution: "There are other and more ludicrous instances, which Lord Eldon was wont to relate of obstinacy, stupidity, and even corruption, in juries. 'I remember,' says he, in the Anecdote Book, 'Mr. Justice Gould trying a case at York; and when he had proceeded for about two hours, he observed, "Here are only eleven jurymen in the box: where is the twelfth?"—"Please you, my Lord," said one of the eleven, "he is gone away about some business, but he has left his verdict with me." * * * The lower orders of jurymen, too, are easily corrupted. I remember at

an alehouse, where some of us dined upon a Sunday after seeing Corby, in Cumberland, a person whom Serjeant Bolton treated with a good deal of milk punch, told the Serjeant that he was upon the jury at Carlisle, and would give him verdicts wherever he could. Another jurymen told me that he gave the same Serjeant all the verdicts he could, because he loved to encourage a countryman: he and the Serjeant were Lancastrian born."

Dr. Johnson dying in 1784, sent a parting message to Lord Eldon, which the prevailing impression is, that his Lordship did not habitually obey:—

"In the December of this year, 1784, Dr. Johnson died. 'He was a good man,' said Lord Eldon to Mrs. Forster: 'he sent me a message on his death-bed, to request that I would make a point of attending public worship every Sunday, and that the place should be the Church of England.'"

We were curious to see what Mr. Twiss had to say on the religious observances of this most redoubted of churchmen. In the third volume, he observes, "It is true, perhaps, that he was not sufficiently attentive to external observances; indeed, for many months in each year, during the pressure of official business, his devotions were almost wholly private. It may be some apology that he had begun life at a time when the duty of public worship was not so generally regarded as it is now; but, it is said, that Sir Samuel Romilly, who attended the parish church where Lord Eldon ought to have been, used to comment with no slight severity on never seeing him there. On an occasion when his merits were in discussion, a warm partisan of the Chancellor called him one of the pillars of the church.—'No,' said another, he may be one of its buttresses, but certainly not one of its pillars, for he is never found *within* it."

This is generally given as having been said by Lord Eldon of himself, "I am a buttress of the church; I like to support it *from without*." An eminent man at the Irish bar, Mr. Peter Burrows, used to say—"Lord Eldon is so high a churchman, that he is above the church." It is plain that like Cymon, he

"Shunned the church, nor used much to pray;" but he made up for this neglect by attending Lord Mansfield's Sunday evening levee (?) by rebuilding (as Mr. Twiss tells us) a church near his seat at Encombe, but most of all by the pious zeal with which through a long life he laboured to perpetuate the civil disabilities of the Catholics of Ireland. Surely Lord Eldon was of all men to be forgiven, if he was not a church-goer; and it is observable that his political friends and followers were never backward to show him mercy for this transgression, although themselves the severest martinets, (almost to the verge of the pharisaical) in all matters of godly discipline. His Lordship's opposition to the Catholics bore a strong resemblance to Christian charity in its sin-covering quality.

Nobody can glance over Lord Eldon's speeches, both at the bar and in parliament, many of which are quoted largely in this work, without being much struck by the incessant talk about his conscience and his duty. It would appear that no public man had ever such an enormous conscience. The pity is, that conscience is not one of those moral qualities that render men the best benefactors of their species. Then would Lord Eldon have done ten times the service to the cause of humanity and freedom that Sir Samuel Romilly did, who never talked about his conscience at all. We question the Christian humility of the following letter to his daughter, on resigning the Great Seal in 1806:—

"Dear Bessy,—I took my leave of the Court of Chancery this morning: I don't mean to go to the Woolstack in the House of Lords to-morrow, or any more. I am to resign the Seal at two o'clock on Friday."..... "I cannot describe my own situation

in point of health and feeling otherwise than as excellent, as that, which a man has a right to possess, who, having done his duty to God, his King, and to every individual upon earth, according to the best of his judgment, has a right to support himself under heavy afflictions by the consciousness of proud and dignified integrity."

Here is an anecdote characteristic of Lord Thurlow, and not creditable to him:—

"As Sir John Scott's reputation increased, the Prince of Wales became curious to learn the real merits of a lawyer so highly estimated by his party, and by the public. 'I should like to hear your opinion of him,' said the Prince to Lord Thurlow. 'Sir,' said Lord Thurlow, 'I know him to be a very sound lawyer, and a very honest man.' In after-times when it devolved upon Lord Eldon, as the Chancellor of George the Third, to take part in proceedings distasteful to the Prince, His Royal Highness said tauntingly to Lord Thurlow, 'What think you now, my Lord, of your old friend Scott, whom you puffed to me as a sound lawyer, and an honest man?' 'Indeed, Sir,' answered Thurlow, whose advanced age had abated neither his convenient courtliness nor his jocular coarseness, 'I think he has lost the little law he once had, and is become a very great scoundrel.'"

Another anecdote of Thurlow, containing a hint for Mr. Babbage:—

"Lord Thurlow, when Chancellor, called me into his room at Lincoln's Inn Hall, and, among other things, asked me if I did not think that a wooden machine might be invented to draw bills and answers in Chancery. I told him that I should be glad if such a machine could be invented, as my stationer's copy of my pleadings generally cost me more than the fees paid me by the solicitors. Many years after this, and when he had ceased to be Chancellor, and I was Attorney General, a bill was filed against his friend, Mr. Macnamara, the conveyancer, and Lord Thurlow advised him to have the answer sent to me to be perused and settled. The solicitor brought me the answer. I read it. It was so wretchedly ill composed and drawn, that I told him that not a word of it would do; that I had not time to draw an answer from beginning to end; that he must get some gentleman to draw the answer from beginning to end who understood pleading, and then bring it to me to peruse. I went down to the House of Lords the same day to plead a cause at the bar there. Lord Thurlow was in the House and came to the bar to me, and said, 'So I understand you think my friend Mac's answer won't do.' 'Do!' said I: 'My Lord, it won't do at all: it must have been drawn by that wooden machine which you formerly told me might be invented to draw bills and answers.' 'That's very unlucky,' says Thurlow, 'and impudent too, if you had known the fact, that I drew the answer myself.'"

The following is an interesting anecdote connected with the trial of Hardy:—

"He related to Mrs. Forster, and the Law Magazine of August 1838 gives the story a little more circumstantially, that at the close of one of the days of this long trial, as he was about to leave the Court, Mr. Garrow said to him, 'Mr. Attorney, do not pass that tall man at the end of the table.' The man had a suspicious appearance, and had stationed himself for some time at the door with his hat pulled over his brows. 'Why not pass him,' asked Mr. Law? 'He has been here,' replied Mr. Garrow, 'during the whole trial, with his eyes constantly fixed on the Attorney General.' 'I will pass him,' said Mr. Law. 'And so will I,' said Sir John Scott. This was opposed by the counsel and others round about, who added, that there was a mob collecting, and that they did not think the Attorney General's life would be safe. He answered, 'I tell you, gentlemen, I will not stay here; for, happen what may, the King's Attorney General must not show a white feather.' What followed was thus related by him to Mrs. Forster:—'I went and left them, but I will not say that I did not give a little look over my shoulder at the man with the slouched hat, as I passed him; however, he did me no harm, and I proceeded for some time unmolested. The mob kept thickening around me, till I came to Fleet Street, one of the worst parts of London that I had to pass through, and the cries began to be rather threatening, 'Down with him,'—'Now is the

time, lads,'—'Do for him,'—and various others, horrible enough. So I stood up, and spoke as loud as I could, 'You may do for me if you like, but remember there will be another Attorney General before eight o'clock to-morrow morning; the King will not allow the trials to be stopped.' Upon this, one man shouted out, 'Say you so? you are right to tell us. Let's give him three cheers, lads.' And they actually cheered me, and I got safe to my own door. When I was waiting to be let in, I felt a little queerish at seeing close to me the identical man with the slouched hat; and I believe I gave him one or two rather suspicious looks, for he came forward and said, 'Sir John, you need not be afraid of me; every night since these trials commenced I have seen you safe home before I went to my own home, and I will continue to do so until they are over: good evening, sir.' I had never seen the man before. I afterwards found out who he was (I had some trouble in doing so, for he did not make himself known), and I took care he should feel my gratitude.' This stranger's interest in Sir John Scott's safety is accounted for in the Law Magazine of August 1838, where it appears that Sir John Scott had once done an act of great kindness to the man's father."

Here is Lord Eldon's opinion of the office of Chancellor, and his testimony that the place of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas is the *summum bonum*:—

"He said, 'Oliver, let me warn you, never be ambitious of the highest honour of the law. Believe me when I give you my word, that I have not known a single day of full freedom from anxiety, since I have held the great seals. I have not known real happiness since I exchanged the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas for that of Lord Chancellor. If it were to do again, with my present knowledge, nothing should induce me to give up a situation of ease and comfort for the highest honours, accompanied, as they are, by incessant anxiety. As Chief Justice of the Common Pleas I was completely happy.'"

But *audi alteram partem*—hear another Chancellor on the subject:—

"I have been assured that when Lord Northington quitted the Chancellorship, and was placed in another office, I think that of Lord President, the Archbishop of Canterbury of that day congratulated him upon his removal from his office of eternal and unceasing labour and fatigue, to a situation of so much ease and quiet. There was a great difference between the emoluments of the two offices. The party congratulated was much out of humour upon receiving these congratulations. Answering the Archbishop, he said very sulkily, 'I suppose, now, you would think I was extremely civil and kind if I was to congratulate your Grace upon a translation from Canterbury to Llandaff!'"

Here is a picture of a Lord Chancellor at cards, and even playing "a round game!" Do not suppose that Eldon played *Pope Joan*; he was too good a Protestant for that,—he played "Commerce":—

"The Chancellor's constant attention to the business of his profession," observes the present Earl, "left him but little time for other occupations, especially for those of mere amusement. With the exception of whist, (at which, though perhaps not very skilful, he was fond of playing in the country until a late period of his life,) he knew scarcely anything of card-playing, even of the most common and simple games. This led, on one occasion, to a rather laughable scene at the palace of King George III. The royal party were playing at commerce; and, through Lord Eldon's bad luck or bad play, he had soon forfeited his three lives. In perfect ignorance, however, that this catastrophe should have been the signal for his retiring from the contest, Lord Eldon kept his seat at the table and continued playing. At last Queen Charlotte, perceiving that all his counters were gone, suddenly addressed him,—'My Lord Chancellor, you are dead!' Expostulation proving vain, and Lord Eldon, to his own diversion, and that of the company, being made to understand, that, though physically alive and well, he was metaphorically defunct, they proceeded in their game without his being farther allowed to join in it."

Thirteen Psalms and the First Chapter of Ecclesiastes. By John Croke.—*Old Ballads, illustrating the Great Frost of 1683-4.*—*An Historical Expostulation, &c.* By John Halle.—*Lord Mayor's Pageants, Parts 1 and 2.*—*The Honestie of this Age.* By Barnaby Rich.—*A Poem to the Memory of William Congreve.* By James Thomson.—*The History of Reynard the Fox.*—*The Keen of the South of Ireland.* All published by the Percy Society.

THE Shakespeare and the Camden Societies have a notice on the fly-leaf of their several publications, disclaiming, as a body, any responsibility for the opinions maintained in the work, and fixing it on the editor, in each case. In associations of the kind, such a precaution is needed—not only to guard the "collective wisdom" against the charge of any contradictions or inconsistencies, likely to arise in the separate and unsystematic discussion of distinct literary issues—but also to prevent the dignity of the body suffering from an occasional blunder or individual triviality of purpose. Such, therefore, no doubt, must be taken as the rule of the "Percy";—and the loose and desultory character of an occasional sally would not fairly be assumed as measuring the largeness of its objects, or representing the gravity of its means.

It is, however, the tendency of all such associations, against which they have most sedulously to guard, to descend to trivialities. The business of conjectural criticism is too apt to resolve itself into mere pedantry and a splitting of straws—the labour of annotation to degenerate to simple word-catching. Battles have been fought for a letter, as zealously as if it had been a principle, and the discovery of a comma has been as pompously proclaimed as if it were a comet. It is with the interpretation of genius as with the interpretation of Scripture (using the figure reverently)—the love of "the letter killeth." Too much care cannot be taken by a Society like this, which would prosper, to keep up a high estimate of its own functions, to exercise them in a large spirit, and to present itself as a literary benefactor to the public. The best toned of them all should be warned, that, take their standing-pitch as high as they will, it will surely be found, as in a chorus of human voices, to have, at times, declined:—the key-note should be, again and again, touched, and the pitch recovered.

This is a truth of which the Council of the Percy Society required to be emphatically reminded; and as it might have appeared invidious had we made such comments when noticing any particular work, we have thought it best to let our shaft fly at random. On this occasion, therefore, we shall merely report progress; reserving to ourselves liberty to return to the collection for such works as offer food for comment.

Travels in Kordofan. By Ignatius Pallme. Madden & Co.

Ignatius Pallme is not unknown to the readers of the *Athenæum*. In our journal of the 18th of January 1840, we published the account of the course of the White Nile, which he communicated to Mr. d'Abbadie, and we have on more than one occasion referred to the information respecting Mohammed Ali's slave hunts, which he furnished to Dr. Madden. A Bohemian by birth, and connected with one of the mercantile houses established by the Austrian manufacturers in Cairo, he visited in 1837 the most distant portion of the countries under the government of the Viceroy of Egypt, for the purpose of exploring new channels of traffic with Central Africa. Few European travellers have pene-

trated to the southern regions which Mr. Pallme visited; still fewer have returned:—

"The climate is very unhealthy, especially during the rainy season: no hut is then, indeed, to be met with in which there are not, at least, several sick. In the dry season, again, all disease disappears: at this time, however, not only man, but all living creatures, suffer from the extreme heat. The eye then rests with melancholy on the desolate and parched plains, trophies of the victory of the heat over animated nature, where nothing is to be seen but bones of men and animals bleached by the burning sun. During the whole of this season, which endures about eight months, the sky is clear and cloudless, and the heat is insupportable, especially in the months of April and May. From eleven o'clock A.M. to three P.M., when the thermometer stands, in the shade, at 38° or even at 40° Reaumur (117° to 122° Fahrenheit), it is impossible for any breathing creature to remain in the open air. Every living being, both men and cattle, with equal eagerness, seek the shade to protect themselves from the scorching rays of a fierce sun. Man sits, during these hours, as if in a vapour bath; his cheerfulness of disposition declines, and he is almost incapable of thought: listless, and with absence of mind he stares vacantly before him, searching in vain for a cool spot. The air breathed is hot as if it proceeded from a heated furnace, and acts in so enervating a manner on the animal economy that it becomes a trouble even to move a limb. All business ceases, everything is wrapped in a sleep of death, until the sun gradually sinks, and the cool air recalls men and animals again into life and activity. The nights, on the other hand, are so sharp that it is necessary to be more careful in guarding against the effects of cold in this country than in the northern parts of Europe; for the consequences frequently prove fatal. During the dry season everything in nature appears desolate and dismal; the plants are burnt up; the trees lose their leaves and appear like brooms; no bird is heard to sing; no animal delights to disport in the gladness of its existence; every living being creeps to the forest to secrete itself, seeking shelter from the fearful heat; save that, now and then, an ostrich will be seen traversing the desert fields, in flying paces, or a giraffe hastening from one oasis to another. * * When I arrived at Lobeid," says the writer, "I only found one single European living, Dr. Iken, whom I have before mentioned, a native of Hanover, who, like most of the Europeans, after a short residence there paid his tribute to the climate. He is buried in the court of his own house, which is situated in the quarter or village of *Takarir*, near the residence of the sultan Abumedina of Darfur. The government has appropriated his house to themselves, and converted it into a magazine for leather. Seven other Europeans, besides Dr. Iken, breathed their last at Lobeid, and are buried on the north side of the hospital square. I planted a tree on each grave, and had already fixed upon a place of rest near them. After I had recovered from my dangerous illness in a slight measure, and was just able to creep along with the assistance of a stick, my favourite promenade was to those graves; they were the only relics of Europeans I could find in that distant country, and I was under the influence of a peculiar feeling when arriving at those hillocks; I knew myself in the company of Europeans, although departed from this world; I fancied myself in reality in their presence, and I could have believed that they were listening with sympathy to my soft complaints, heard my longing voice for my distant fatherland, and were congratulating me on my recovery and speedy departure from this country, so fatal to Europeans. When I paid my last visit to this spot I was overpowered by that same feeling we experience when parting with our friends. * * In all my travels," observes the writer, "I never met with any country where the climate is so unhealthy, and where there is such a variety of disease as in Kordofan. Every one in the province, natives and strangers, more or less succumb to this scourge, but the Europeans are the first who fall victims. Two-thirds of the white men who visit these regions may be with certainty regarded as sacrificed."

The volume opens with the history of the conquest of Kordofan in 1821, by the son-in-law

of Mohammed Ali; the horrors of which appear to have exceeded all former exhibitions of Turkish cruelty; and page after page is filled with anecdotes of the barbarities practised by the Deftedar. The country would seem to have had few attractions to invite conquest beyond the facilities it afforded for Mohammed Ali's slave hunts.

"It may be said," says our traveller, "to consist chiefly of a cluster of small and large oases, which are not far distant from each other, as in the Great Desert. The soil is, on the whole, very fertile; for, with the commencement of the rainy season, vegetation springs up from the earth as if by magic. Although the White Nile flows close to the confines of the province, yet the water of this river could not be rendered serviceable for the irrigation of Kordofan, as the country is so elevated that a simple canal would not answer the purpose. * * The sugar-cane grows here without cultivation, and the soil is in many situations well adapted to the growth of indigo."

Lobeid, the capital, is thus described:—"Lobeid, or Labayet, as it is also termed, is a town composed of several villages, from one of which it neither differs in its external appearance nor internal arrangements, excepting, perhaps, in being of greater extent. The houses, like those of the villages, are mere huts of straw; some few of them are, indeed, built of clay, but not one single house is of stone. * * I estimate the number of inhabitants, exclusively of the military, at 12,000 souls. The houses named in the language of the country, *Tukoli*, are mostly huts, similar to those described on a former occasion. * * Nothing can be more monotonous than the appearance of the town during the dry season, when the detached houses present themselves with all their defects and meanness, and the scanty trees and gardens offer no diversification of scenery; for the former then stand as bald as brooms, and the latter are not even thought of. The burning sand, moreover, serves to remind the traveller that he is in a desert, and there is not the slightest object to be seen that might delight his eye. How marked is the contrast in the rainy season! It is difficult to persuade yourself that it is the same place you have shortly before seen standing in barren nakedness. All these spots, where nothing but sand was to be observed before, are now clad with a most luxuriant verdure, interspersed with the most beautiful flowers. The hedges round the houses are interlaced with a variety of creepers and twining plants, whose variegated flowers afford a most pleasing spectacle. The environs of the houses are cultivated with *dokn*, which stands so high that the tops of the roofs are only to be seen projecting beyond it; not a single house can be described at a distance, and the whole country appears like one large forest. The entire town then resembles a park intersected by mazes, rendering it difficult for a stranger to extricate himself, or to find out a particular house. His embarrassment is greatly augmented by the circumstance of there being several thousands of small straw huts, and by the close resemblance of the houses to each other—for all are built alike—so that the stranger experiences much trouble in even recognizing the house he may be lodging in. But all this is in its way unique, and diverts the eye. The traveller wanders with pleasure through these thousands and thousands of intricate paths, and is delighted at every step with the beautiful variations in the scene."

Duelling is a common practice among the Dongolavi, who have migrated into Kordofan; but the mode in which they settle their affairs of honour is rather more rational than that which has been adopted in what are considered civilized countries:—

"The duel takes place in an open space, in presence of all their friends and comrades, who act as seconds, or rather as umpires. An angareb (bedstead) is placed in the middle of the field of battle: the two combatants strip, and, binding their shirts round their loins, each man places his foot close to the edge of the couch, the breadth of which simply separates them from each other. A whip, made of one solid thong of the hide of the hippopotamus, is handed to each, and attempts to reconcile them are again resumed. If both parties, however, prove obstinate, or their sense of honour be too deeply impli-

cated, for either to yield, the signal of battle is at last given. He who is entitled to the first blow, now inflicts a severe lash on the body of his adversary, who instantly returns the compliment, and thus the conflict is kept up, blow for blow, with great regularity. The head must not be struck. The manner in which they lacerate each other is perfectly frightful; for the blows are dealt with the utmost severity, and the weapon is sufficiently formidable to cause an immense ecchymosis with the very first stripe,—with the third or fourth blow the blood begins to flow most copiously. Not the slightest expression of pain is uttered by either party, and the umpires remain cool spectators of the scene. Thus the duellists persevere with their barbarous cruelty, until the one or the other, overcome with pain, or exhausted with fatigue, throws down his whip, whereupon the victor does the same, and both shake hands, in sign of mutual satisfaction. Their comrades now read the air with their exclamations of joy, and congratulate them on their reconciliation; their lacerated backs are washed with water, and the affair terminates with a copious libation of *merissa*, sundry jugs of which had been provided beforehand for the occasion."

We suspect that the introduction of the whip instead of the sword or pistol, would cool the ardour of many of the heroes of Chalk-lam or the Bois de Boulogne. The Dongolavi are the chief merchants of Kordofan; but the account which Pallme gives of their character, is not likely to recommend them as desirable customers:—

"They are the greatest liars on the face of the earth, for truth never proceeds from their mouths; they will, indeed, rather allow themselves to be murdered than speak the truth, especially if their interests be concerned. In trading with them, they should never be trusted with cash, which would be irrecoverably lost, for they will part with their wives and children rather than with money. They know no gratitude, and understand merely how to flatter. If a person accept anything of them, he may rest assured that they will demand, at least, twice as much as it is worth on the following day."

Our poet, in his 'Ode on the Power of Sound,'

"Hast he the song that lightens
The peasant's toil?" &c.

might have mentioned the poor slave-girls of Kordofan.

"Every family possesses an additional hut (called '*moraka*'), in which the flour necessary for the consumption of the house is ground. This operation is performed in a hollow stone, a species of rude mortar, which is fixed into the ground, whilst a girl, generally a slave, reduces the grain ('*dokn*') with another cylindrical stone to a powder. In a family consisting of eight persons, one girl would be occupied throughout the whole year in grinding the necessary quantity of corn. This simple labour requires great exertion, and is only to be performed by girls who have attained their fourteenth year, younger children being unequal to the task. Even grown persons suffer considerably in this occupation; for it requires no slight exertion to roll a heavy stone all day long backwards and forwards in the heat of these huts. The poor creatures thus employed are generally bathed in perspiration, and yet they may be heard singing all day long. Their songs are, certainly, merely expressive of their desire to escape, or of longing after their homes. The chants are very peculiar, and, with few exceptions, the impromptu pouring-forth of the feelings of the singer, according to the custom prevalent over nearly the whole of the East."

In the deserts around Kordofan, we are told that some tribes exist three months without water, using in its stead the juice of the water-melon which Nature supplies abundantly at the precise season when the wells become dry:—

"Kordofan has no flowing rivers; during the rainy season, some few running streams are formed, but these dry up as quickly as they appear. There are several lakes, or large ponds, in the country, amongst which those at Arat, Birget, Ketshmar, and Caccia, are the most considerable; in the latter, many leeches are found; but the other stagnant waters, which are generated during the rainy season, quickly evaporate, and only those above-named contain water throughout the year. * * There are cer-

tain districts in Kordofan, the agricultural population of which inhabit two different villages in the year; for even in several of the most fertile tracts of land, water is at times entirely wanting, more especially during the dry season. Whole villages, therefore, are frequently necessitated to reinstate themselves in localities a few miles distant from their former place of residence, where they find wells. The whole of their domestic utensils will not overload an ox, hence an emigration of this nature is quickly effected, and without much difficulty."

It is perhaps more surprising to find that other tribes are almost equally inconvenienced by the difficulty of procuring fire:—

"A Shilluk told me that in his village, which was situated at a distance of ten hours' march from any other inhabited spot, they were once not able to produce a fire during twenty days. The inhabitants had made frequent attempts to transport a burning branch from the nearest locality, and had lighted more than fifty fires in the intervening space, in order to bring it gradually into their own village; but the showers had, on four different occasions, frustrated their endeavours when they were on the point of succeeding. Soft wood is useless for procuring a light, and there was no hard wood in that neighbourhood. I was myself once put to a very great inconvenience whilst at Lobeid for want of a flint, for there was not one to be purchased in the bazaar at any price; my servant, however, soon invented a remedy: he went up to a soldier, a Shilluk of course, and bought the flint of his musket, which he unscrewed whilst on duty, and delivered at the high price of four-pence halfpenny."

As the Shilluks and some other tribes are not yet acquainted with the use of fire-arms, it is not easy to comprehend how they have acquired their fame for skill and success in destroying beasts of prey. The description given of their mode of killing the lion is curious:—

"They trace out the lair where one of these animals generally takes its noon-day repose; but the nature of the ground must be such that the tree under which it sleeps is isolated, or at least somewhat distant from the other trees. If the ground be advantageous, the negro betakes himself to the scene of action four hours before mid-day, and climbs the tree opposite to that under which the animal takes its nap. During this time he knows the lion to be out in search of prey, and is sure that he will return to indulge in his siesta when the heat increases, between ten and eleven o'clock. The lion does not trouble himself about the business of the man on the tree, even if he should happen to see him; and his adversary remains perfectly quiet till between twelve and one. The huntsman is furnished with a sackfull of small stones, and a few sharp spears. When the sand on the ground is burning hot, so that animals even cannot walk about, the hunter begins to pelt the lion with stones, always aiming at his head, and the negroes are very expert marksmen. The proud king of the beasts utterly disregards the first three or four stones, and does not consider it even worth his while to rise; but the blows upon his head thickening, and being, perhaps, hit in the eye, the audacity appears too great to be borne with patience, and he sets up a frightful roar as a signal of revenge. With one leap he is at the foot of the tree on which the disturber of his rest is perched, but receives a lance in his body; his roar now becomes more terrific, not that the wound is so irritating to him at this moment as the burning sand painful to his feet, and he retires once more to his lair. Another stone hits him, he becomes furious, makes a second charge at the tree, and is welcomed by one, two, or more spears. He now takes to flight, yelling and howling with pain; but the loss of blood soon exhausts his strength, and the huntsman, who keeps him in sight from the tree, has, in a very short time, the pleasure of seeing the royal beast stretch its carcass on the plains. * * The number of lions in this province is not very considerable, but they frequently enter villages for prey, and carry away a head of cattle before their visit is even suspected. In the day-time they are neither heard nor seen, for they generally lie crouching in a dense covert, or sleeping beneath a shady tree. But early in the morning, as soon as the sun begins to cast its rays on the sandy billows of the desert, the

royal animal rises from his lair to sally forth in quest of prey. His voice may then be heard in the distance; it commences with a low murmuring, which gradually increases, until it at last becomes a fearful and terrific roar, like the rolling of thunder, and is audible at a distance of two miles. The whole animal kingdom trembles, and evinces the greatest fear when the king of the beasts is heard; the sheep tremble as if attacked with ague, place their heads together, and endeavour to hide themselves; the horses break out into a sweat with fear; and the dogs hurry away as fast as they can to find a place of refuge. In fine, all the beasts are seized with the most unequivocal terror when the lion makes his approach known. Should a caravan happen to be near the spot, it is impossible to keep the camels together, they leap about in all directions, and are scattered abroad under the influence of fear. I myself once had the opportunity of witnessing a scene of this kind. On arriving in my travels at the wells of Semmeria, we suddenly heard a murmuring noise afar, resembling the rolling of balls in an empty barrel; but we were soon acquainted with its true cause when it gradually increased to that terrible thunder-like roar. With the first perception of this noise, the camels belonging to our caravan suddenly took fright, and instantly separated in all directions. The men and the cases were thrown off, and if one of the riders happened to keep his seat at the first alarm, he was subsequently necessitated to leap down, to avoid being felled by the branches of the trees; for we were unfortunately near a forest of mimosas, and every one was in danger of being torn by their large spines. This confusion, however, did not last long, for the lion took quite an opposite direction to the route of our caravan; but a whole day was lost in collecting the goods that had been thrown off, or torn down by the trees, and one of the camels strayed to a great distance."

The hunting of the giraffe has been of late years pursued with great earnestness, in consequence of the high price which the animals bring in Alexandria. It is an enterprise requiring more skill than courage, and differs but little from the lassoing of wild horses in South America:—

"Generally speaking, two horsemen provided with one or two camels laden with a supply of provender and water sufficient for a few days, proceed into the desert frequented by the giraffes. The camels are left at an appropriate place, whilst the riders reconnoitre the country until they come upon the track of an animal. Great experience is now requisite to distinguish whether the trace be of to-day or yesterday, or of a yet older date. If it be recent, and that of a young animal, it is immediately followed up, and the huntsman may make sure of gaining a sight of their prey in a few hours. As soon as the giraffe is in view, the run instantly takes place, for the animal, very timid by nature, seeks refuge in flight, and indeed with extraordinary fleetness. Everything now depends on the dexterity of the rider, and activity of his horse. They must do all in their power to gain upon the game they have started, an endeavour which is the more readily to be effected, as the giraffe never takes a straight course, but by nature timid, doubles, in the fear of its life, sometimes to the right, sometimes to the left, and is thus quickly overtaken by the horsemen. Having come up with the young animal pursued, the rider casts a lasso over its head; his throw but seldom fails, and in the worst case must be repeated. He then attaches the end of the rope to his saddle, drags the animal as closely as he can to his horse, and thus the capture is effected. But now a steady and patient horse, well broken to its work, is again necessary for the further transport; for the horse must resist the animal's efforts, or give way to them (for it pulls and jumps in all directions), in conveying it to the nearest village, which the huntsman endeavours to reach as quickly as they possibly can. A she-camel should stand in readiness there to give the young giraffe milk, with which it is fed before being weaned to grass or hay. This treatment must be subsequently followed, and even full-grown giraffes should receive milk daily as drink, if it be in any way possible."

Great difficulty is experienced in bringing the giraffes alive to Alexandria, for they appear to be among the most tender of animals, and

hence arises the high price which they bear in the market. The animals are sometimes chased for the sake of their skins; Pallme has tasted the flesh, and declares it to be agreeable and nutritious. He also vindicates the hyena from the charge of ferocity and cruelty, usually brought against it by writers of Natural History, most of whom assert that the animal is untameable:—

"In the court of a house at Lobeid I saw a hyena running about quite domesticated: the children of the proprietor teased it, took the meat thrown to it for food out of its jaws, and put their hands even into its throat, without receiving the least injury. When we took our meals in the open air, to enjoy the breeze, as was our general custom during the hot season, this animal approached the table without fear, snapped up the pieces that were thrown to it, like a dog, and did not evince the slightest symptom of timidity. A full-grown hyena and her two cubs were, on another occasion, brought to me for sale; the latter were carried in arms, as you might carry a lamb, and were not even muzzled. The old one, it is true, had a rope round its snout, but it had been led a distance of twelve miles by one single man without having offered the slightest resistance. The Africans do not even reckon the hyena among the wild beasts of their country, for they are not afraid of it."

Mr. Pallme dwells at great length on the importance of the gum trade in Southern Africa, and declares that Mohammed Ali would gain more by encouraging the collection and export of this product, than by his slave hunts. The gum of Kordofan, if untaxed, would be sold, in Alexandria, for about twenty shillings the hundredweight, but owing to the monopoly established by the Viceroy, and the inadequate pay given to the labourers employed in the collection, large quantities of gum rot annually, for the monopolist ruler cannot use it himself, and will permit no other person to derive benefit from it. The ivory trade is also very extensive in Kordofan, but in consequence of the Viceroy's monopolies, most of the ivory, instead of being sent to Cairo, finds its way to the port of Suakim on the Red Sea, where it is purchased by English merchants. We do not wish to dwell on the horrors of the slave hunts; but we are sorry to hear from Mr. Pallme, that this infamous system, which was professedly abolished for a time in consequence of the remonstrances of the English government, has been again revived with greater severity than ever, because Mohammed Ali finds it more convenient to pay the soldiers on his southern frontiers with slaves than with money. It must be added, that some Europeans participate in this abominable traffic, and that, both as drivers and masters, they are worse than the Turks.

Biographical Dictionary. Longman & Co.

JUST when we supposed that the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had committed suicide, or was in so melancholy a condition that it might be expected to do so, it announced its intention of publishing a complete Biographical Dictionary; and seven half-volumes of this great undertaking have already issued from the press. The desirableness of such a work, if written in the spirit of liberality, and carried on with uniformity, cannot be doubted, and, at the present time, abundance of material exists for rendering it much more complete than any hitherto published. There are, however, many drawbacks on the probable success of such a work; and amongst the most prominent is the want of a definite plan on which the whole may be executed, so as to ensure the same amount of labour, not only to each article of like importance, but to each successive volume as it issues from the press; and this arises from the uncertainty connected with the sale of the work, as well as from the multitude of labourers required.

In order to secure this necessary uniformity, a society which has no pecuniary profit as its end is more likely to succeed than a private publisher: at the same time the love of diffusing knowledge is a less energetic motive than the love of profits; and undertakings based on the former are more likely to fail than the latter. We hope, however, as the Society has had energy enough to commence this Dictionary, that it will be able to complete it.

A great difficulty, and which will require vigilance in the superintendence of a work of this kind, is to secure impartiality. Unfortunately, this desirable end cannot always be accomplished. The writers of lives of others too frequently look at them through the medium of some prejudice, and instead of being supplied with materials for forming the estimate of the man, we have the distorted picture of him which his biographer has been pleased to draw. At the same time, the brevity required in a dictionary must always tend to keep down a one-sided development of character, and confine the writer to a statement of important facts. We have carefully examined the articles which have at present appeared in these volumes, and have no reason to complain of any want of uniformity. There seems to have been, on the whole, a judicious apportioning of space, according to the importance of the individual. In many of the longer articles the tendencies of the writers are evident, and these are sometimes expressed so strongly as to warrant the supposition that they may not have been altogether impartial. The names of the writers, however, being appended to each article, make them responsible. With regard to the style, execution, and completeness of the articles, they are, on the whole, superior to those of any biographical dictionary with which we are acquainted. The only one with which, for completeness, it can be compared is the French 'Biographie Universelle,' but in this respect it has very greatly the advantage. In fact, we have often been surprised, in looking into the 'Biographie Universelle,' when we recollected the names of its editors and authors, to find how very generally its articles were erroneous and imperfect. The Supplement to this work is not yet completed, and we do not wonder that its publication should have ceased, when we see the prolixity, inaccuracy, and frivolousness of many of its later articles. These are faults, however, to which much of French biography is, to a greater or less extent, exposed. In the English language we have no dictionaries or cyclopædias that can pretend to completeness in the department of biography; nor have the laborious Germans even attempted, as far as we are aware, a work exclusively devoted to a complete biography. So that the present work must not only be regarded as a labour for Great Britain, but a labour for Europe.

The work is, we find, intrusted to the editorship of Professor Long, under whose superintendence the Penny Cyclopædia was successfully brought to a close. If one individual was more competent to this work than another, it was Mr. Long. At the same time, it is a question whether it would not have been advantageous to have had more than one editor, as it is impossible that one individual should give an effective supervision over every department of literature, science, and art, which such a work must necessarily embrace. On looking over the list of contributors, we are glad to observe that there is no parade of great names. Great men have something else to do, besides writing articles for dictionaries, and do not always form the most unbiassed opinions of others, more especially of those who may have been contemporaries and antagonists.

The volumes at present published carry the work to the end of letter A. We shall not at-

tempt here to analyze or criticize any of the articles; some of them may afterwards form subjects for a notice in our pages. As far as the work has at present gone, there is a preponderance of classical articles, which arises from the great number of Greek names in A. Many of these are valuable contributions to our literature, especially those by the editor, Dr. Schmitz, Dr. Platé, and the one on Aristotle, by Professor Becker. In all the articles there are two points in which they are more accurate than any previous work of the kind, and these are the titles, dates, and places of the publication of books, and their editions, and the sources from whence the materials have been derived for the biography.

It must be admitted, that the Society has entered on a great work, one that is wanted, and that will do them great credit if they go on as they have begun; but still it will be asked with anxiety, Will this gigantic work—the first seven half-volumes of which have been devoted to the letter A—be completed? We hope that the Society has well considered this question, and that it has not rashly commenced a work which it is not prepared to carry through.

The Life of Sir Hugh Palliser. By R. M. Hunt, Esq. Chapman & Hall.

THERE is nothing in the Life of Sir Hugh Palliser which possesses the slightest public interest, except his share in the action between the French and English fleets, July 27th, 1778. On that day an English fleet, superior to the French in weight of metal, after an indecisive skirmish, permitted the enemy to form their line unmolested, and to return into port unpursued. An event so discreditable to the British flag naturally provoked much public discontent. Keppel threw the chief blame on Palliser, the Vice-Admiral, and the latter retorted by preferring charges against Keppel, which led to a double court-martial. Keppel was honourably acquitted, and the members of the court-martial added to their sentence, "that the charges brought against him by the Vice-Admiral of the Blue (Palliser) were malicious and ill-founded." Palliser was acquitted in his turn, but with the qualification of a censure for "not having made known the disabled state of his ship to his commander-in-chief." The greater part of this thick volume is devoted to the vindication of Palliser, and the inculpation of Keppel, and is consequently an attack on the sentences of both the courts-martial. In our review of Keppel's Life (*Athen. Nos.* 762, 763 & 765) we intimated an opinion, from the evidence then before us, that the courts-martial had come to the right conclusion; and the new evidence adduced by Mr. Hunt has not led us materially to alter that opinion.

Keppel was an officer forced by the strength of his character and reputation on a hostile ministry; Lord Sandwich, who was then at the head of the Admiralty, consented with reluctance to the appointment, and the notorious profligacy of that nobleman both in public and private life, led many to suspect that he meditated the sacrifice of Keppel if any adverse event occurred, while he reserved the power of self-glorification in case of success. These feelings are strongly displayed in the letter which the Duke of Richmond addressed to Keppel on his appointment, part of which we shall extract:—

"I cannot wish you joy of having the command of a fleet prepared by the Earl of Sandwich, with new men and officers, unacquainted with each other, to risk your reputation and the fate of your country upon, against a French and Spanish fleet, who are, I fear, much better prepared. At the same time, I confess I do not see how you could refuse your ser-

vice. Let me, however, advise you to insist upon your own terms. No one can be surprised that you should suspect a minister, whom you have constantly opposed, of not giving you all the help he might do to a friend, without suspecting him of treachery. If he has a bad fleet to send out, 'tis doing Lord Sandwich no injustice to suppose he would be glad to put it under the command of a man whom he does not love, and yet whose name will justify the choice of the nation. If we meet with a misfortune he hopes to get off;—he was not to blame for having given the command to a relation or friend."

Mr. Hunt describes this letter as "detestable, when intended to warp the feelings of a man standing in Admiral Keppel's relation to the trusted servants of his monarch." There is all the difference in the world between "trusted" and "trusty" servants; Lord Sandwich's conduct with respect to Wilkes had shown that he was not scrupulous in the use of means to crush a political opponent; and if it were worth while to rake up other circumstances of his history, the detestation might be shown to be more applicable to those by whom such a man as Sandwich was trusted than those by whom he was distrusted. Palliser was an intimate friend of Lord Sandwich; he had one of his sons among his lieutenants, and was in constant correspondence with his lordship. We nowhere find direct evidence that this circumstance created suspicion in Keppel's mind, though there are indications of its having produced some uneasiness. Nearly all naval critics have condemned the system of tactics which Keppel adopted in the battle of the 27th of July, that of attacking in line, instead of cutting through and breaking the enemy's line. It must, however, be remembered that the latter mode of forcing an action was all but unknown at the time, and Keppel certainly was not the man to attempt any daring novelty. Keppel's first account of the battle must now be quoted:—

"The French began firing upon the headmost of Vice-admiral Sir Robert Harland's division, and the ships with him, as they led up; which cannonade the leading ships and the vice-admiral soon returned, as did every ship as they closed up. The chase had occasioned them to be extended; nevertheless they were all soon lost in battle. The fleets being on different tacks, passed each other very close; the object of the French seemed to be the disabling the king's ships in their masts and sails, in which they so far succeeded as to prevent many of the ships of my fleet being able to follow me when I wore to stand after the French fleet. This obliged me to wear again, to join those ships, and thereby allowed of the French forming their fleet again, and ranging it in a line to leeward of the king's fleet towards the close of day, which I did not discourage, but allowed of their doing it, without firing upon them, thinking they meant handsomely to try their force with us the next morning; but they had been so beaten in the day, that they took the advantage of night to go off. The wind and weather being such that they could reach their own shores before there was any chance of the king's fleet getting up with them, in the state the ships were in, in their masts, yards, and sails, left me no choice of what was proper or advisable to do. The spirited conduct of the Vice-admiral Sir Robert Harland, Vice-admiral Sir Hugh Palliser, and the captains of the fleet, supported by their officers and men, deserves much commendation."

At a subsequent period Keppel contended that he would not have allowed the French fleet to form to leeward had he been joined in time by Admiral Palliser and his division, which he had summoned both by signal and message. At the two trials the most contradictory evidence was given on both these points; an obvious mode of coming at the truth would have been to examine the log-books, but here an unexpected difficulty arose:—

"It appeared upon referring to the log-books of the Formidable and the Robuste, that three leaves

had been cut out of the Formidable's, and fresh leaves tacked in, and that some additions and amendments, relating to the proceedings of the fleet on the 27th and 28th of July, had been made to the Robuste's.

Subsequent inquiry showed that the log-books of several other vessels, including Keppel's own, had been tampered with; and the confusion thus produced on the record of the signals is inextricable. There is equal variance in the evidence respecting the time when Palliser received Keppel's message by the *Fox* frigate; one set of witnesses name an hour sufficiently early to allow of the Vice-Admiral joining his commander-in-chief in time to renew the battle before sunset; Palliser's friends place the delivery of the message so late as to render obedience all but impossible. By patching up bits of the evidence, which extended over a space of thirty days, it would be easy to make out a case for either party, as Mr. Hunt has done for Palliser; but the second court-martial, which was composed of persons decidedly favourable to Palliser, indirectly asserts the earlier hour of the message, by excusing Palliser's disobedience on the ground of the disabled condition of his ship.

Whatever doubts may now be raised respecting this subject, there is none that Palliser's conduct was all but universally reprobated by his contemporaries. In defiance of a hostile ministry, the House of Commons thanked Keppel for his conduct; in opposition to the known wishes of the Admiralty, the naval court-martial not only acquitted Keppel, but severely censured Palliser; a great majority of the admirals and captains present in the action united in a petition to the King to dismiss Palliser from his service, and notwithstanding Lord Sandwich's unscrupulous friendship, Palliser was never again employed afloat. We have re-considered our former opinion, and examined the new evidence adduced by Mr. Hunt; the result has been, that our estimate of Keppel is somewhat lowered, but that of Palliser is not raised.

The Memoirs of the Conquistador Bernal Diaz del Castillo. Written by Himself.

[Concluding Notice.]

It is a painful story, that records the humiliations heaped upon the splendid and generous Montezuma, by a band of Christian men, coming among these Western idolaters, in the name of religion and civilization. From such physicians of souls, no doctrines, which they brought, had a chance of being taken naturally—they needed the inoculation of the sword. The external pronouncements were too base and vile, to recommend the faith with which they claimed connexion. In what light must these stately barbarians have looked upon men who, to their apprehension, had attributes which presented them, at first, as a sort of demi-gods, yet used them all as means to the one despicable end of a perpetual alms-seeking? From the Christian camp, there was a continual cry of "give!" and faith, and honour, and charity, and humanity, and all that Christianity sanctions, were prostrated before the monstrous Juggernaut who uttered it. To this idol were daily offered sacrifices as unhallowed as stained the altars of the Mexican gods. To the reader of to-day, these Conquistadores loom through the twilight of Bernal Diaz's page, in the sordid and sinister aspect of eternal searchers after hidden treasure, disgustingly compounded with the profligate one of thieves. So wretched is the figure they make in Mexico, that nothing but the exceeding peril of their position could give it dignity. The epic of the character consists in its constant affronting of danger; and in the capital of Montezuma, in particular, they were like men living over a mine. A mere handful themselves,

they were surrounded by a countless population, whom, by murder and robbery, and what these deemed sacrilege, and by insult of every species, they were goading into madness. We hear, as we read, the murmur of myriads coming up against them,—but cannot bid them "God speed!" We see, in the clear narration of the pleasant old chronicler, the small cloud rising on the light of their first welcome, and gathering and swelling into the tempest. And when, at length, it bursts over their devoted heads, all feeling of caste,—which should enlist our sympathies with a European band, bearing the cross—is swept away before the justice of the case; and our indignant sense declares that, in this act of the drama, moral justice has, for once, been done.

The death of Montezuma fired the mine; and the Spaniards fled before the wrath which it was scattering around them. But their flight lay through the waters of a lake; where narrow causeways linked the city to the mainland, but intersected, themselves, at intervals, by channels, which made bridges necessary to complete the line of communication. All these bridges the Mexicans had broken down, to make escape impossible; and the horrors enacted at one of them, gives to it the title, in Bernal Diaz's narrative, of "the Bridge of Sorrows,"—as the night on which they befel, is known, in Mexican history, as "the night of sorrows":—

"All matters being now properly ordered, and the mode of our retreat settled, we began to move forward. It was about the hour of midnight and rather dark, a thin mist hung over the town, and a gentle rain was falling. The moment we began to move forward in the above-mentioned order, the rear-guard being already in motion, and our moveable bridge fixed, and Sandoval, with his body of horse, and Cortes, with those under his command, and many other soldiers, had passed across, the wild war music and loud yells of the Mexicans suddenly burst forth. 'Up, up, Tlatelulco! they cried; 'out with your canoes! The teules are running away: cut off their retreat over the bridges!' And before we had time to look about us, we were attacked by vast bodies of the enemy, and the whole lake was instantly covered with canoes, so that we were unable to move on any further, although many of our men had already passed the moveable bridge. Now the most obstinate conflict ensued for the possession of this, and, as misfortunes never come singly, it happened that two of our horses should slide out on the wet planks, become unmanageable, and roll over into the lake. This caused the bridge itself to overbalance and fall down. A number of Mexicans that instant fell furiously on us, and, though we exerted ourselves to the utmost, and cut down numbers of the enemy, we were unable to recover the bridge. As, however, those behind kept continually pushing on those in front, the opening in the canal was speedily filled up with dead horses and their riders, who were inevitably lost if they were unable to swim. The unmerciful enemy now attacked us on all sides. A number of Tlascallans and our Indian female servants were carried off, with the baggage and cannon; numbers of our men were drowned, and no less a number, who were trying to save themselves by swimming, were taken prisoners by those in the canoes. It was heart-rending to behold this scene of misery, and to hear the moans and pitiful cries for assistance. 'Help! help! I am drowning,' cried one here: 'help me, they are killing me!' cried another there. Here one called upon the name of the Virgin Mary for assistance; and there another upon Santiago de Compostella! Here another, who had managed to get to the water's edge, implored us to lift him out: yonder, again, was another clambering over the dead bodies. Many, when they had reached the high road, imagined themselves safe, but here they only met with denser crowds of the foe. * * * Exposed on every side to the enemy's arrows and lances, pelted with stones from the house-tops, they had also to encounter a forest of our own swords, which the enemy had captured and fixed to their long lances, so that it was a wonder each time a horse with its rider escaped. Neither could

we defend ourselves in the water, as the wet had rendered our muskets and crossbows totally useless, while the darkness of the night made every movement uncertain. All our attempts to keep together were fruitless. What did it avail us if, at times, thirty or forty of us managed to make a stand, and boldly faced about? * * * When Cortes came up with Alvarado and his few followers, and learnt the fate of those left behind, tears flowed from his eyes; for Alvarado and Leon had had above twenty horse and more than one hundred foot with them in the rear-guard. All these, with nearly the whole of the cavalry, and above one hundred and fifty other men of the old and new troops, had perished with Leon. Alvarado related, that after he and his men had all lost their horses, he managed to get together about eighty men, and with these he succeeded in passing over the first opening by clambering over the baggage, dead men and horses. Although I am not sure whether he said that he passed the opening by stepping over the dead bodies, I know that at this bridge more than 200 men, with Leon at their head, were cut to pieces by the enemy, notwithstanding all their courageous fighting. At the second bridge again, it was merely through God's mercy that Alvarado had saved himself, as all the canals and streets were crowded by the enemy."

One especial moral of this episode must not be omitted:—"Most of Narvaez's men met with their death at the bridges, from the weight of the gold with which they had overburthened themselves. The Tlascallans, who had charge of the crown treasures, shared a similar fate."—"Indeed, if it be well considered," says old Bernal Diaz, "it will be found that none of us derived any blessings from the gold the Indians gave us."

But the peril was not ended with the passage of the lake. The country had been raised behind it; and that had yet to be done, which, this time, it is the chronicler's opinion, could not have been effected without the personal aid of a saint. There is no suspicion, on this occasion, of a mistake of identity between St. James of Compostella and "Francisco de Morla, on his brown horse":—

"The next morning early we continued our route, and marched in closer order than on the day previous, the half of our cavalry being always in advance. We had marched to the distance of about four miles along an open plain, where we considered ourselves in safety, when three of our horse came galloping up to inform us that the fields were covered with Mexicans, who were lying in wait for us. We were not a little dismayed at this intelligence; however, our courage did not flag so far as to prevent us from making immediate preparations for battle, and we determined to defend ourselves to the last. We halted for a few moments, and Cortes gave instructions for the cavalry to dash in a body full gallop upon the enemy, to aim at the face and break their line. Our infantry were to direct their blows and thrusts at the enemy's lower quarters. In this way it was said we should be certain to revenge our dead and wounded, if it pleased the Almighty to spare our lives in the approaching battle. We then commended ourselves to God and the holy Virgin, and boldly rushed forth upon the enemy, under the cry of *Santiago! Santiago!* Our cavalry charged the enemy's line five abreast, and broke it, we rushing in after them close at their heels. What a terrific battle and remarkable victory was this! How we fought man to man! and those dogs like the very furies themselves! and many of our men did they kill and wound with their pikes and huge broad swords. * * * In this way we continued fighting courageously, for God and the blessed Virgin strengthened us, and St. Santiago de Compostella certainly came to our assistance; and one of Quauhtemotzin's chief officers, who was present at the battle, beheld him with his own eyes, as he afterwards affirmed. * * * After the Mexican chief had fallen and the royal standard was lost, and numbers of the enemy killed, they began to give way, and then fled. Our cavalry, however, kept close at their heels, and punished them severely. Now, indeed, we no longer felt our wounds, nor hunger, nor thirst, and it appeared to us all as if we were beginning the attack with renewed vigour! Our

friends of Tlascalla had likewise changed into real lions, and hacked in furiously among the enemy with the broad swords they had captured. After our cavalry had returned from the pursuit, we offered up thanks unto the Almighty for this victory, and our escape from the hands of so numerous an enemy; for the Spaniards had never before in India encountered so vast an army as on this occasion. It was composed of the flower of the joint armies of Mexico, Tezcuco, and of Xaltocan; while every Indian had entered the battle with the determination that not a soul of us should escape alive. It was also evident, from the richness of their arms and apparel, that a greater portion were officers and men of distinction. Near to the place where this terrible and bloody battle was fought lay the township of Otumpan, by which name this battle will be known through all times to come. The Mexicans and Tlascalans have given a faithful representation of it in their numerous paintings of the battles we fought, up to the conquest of Mexico."

The star of Cortes was, still, in the ascendant. From Tlascalla, where the flying armament was, at length, brought up, the tide of war rolled back to the lake of cities; and, this time, included thirteen brigantines, which Cortes had built for its waters, to support the battles of the causeways. As Cortes, himself, went with the brigantines, his general, Sandoval, who led back the land forces, stopped at the various townships on his route, to inquire after the prisoners and treasures that had been seized in the flight; and, finding that the former had been *eaten*, usually offered to overlook that circumstance, on condition that all the *money* found in the pockets of the victims should be returned to him. Cortes, himself, sent to inform the Mexican monarch that, if he would admit the Spaniards peacefully into his capital, they would "forgive all the injuries they had received at the hands of the Mexicans"—and he had the confidence to add that, "it was an easy matter to make war, but it always terminated in the destruction of those who first began it"! These are choice morsels in the history of a hero; and show the quality of some of the materials, with which that, which the world has agreed to call "a great thing," was built up. The unfortunate Montezuma had been succeeded by his nephew, Quauhtemotzin, as Bernal Diaz spells his name—and the experience, which his uncle had paid life and treasure to buy, determined the heir of that experience to keep the Spaniards from re-entering Mexico, at whatever further cost. All the resources of the empire were called out to resist them; and of *ninety-three days'* fighting, nearly without intermission, by night and by day, amid the lake and on the causeways that protected Mexico, the entire incidents are here related in a manner which, though the relation be a continual repetition of the same incredible labours and dangers, never grows monotonous in the page of the lively chronicler. Never was perseverance in a bad cause more gallantly maintained. Again and again was the purchase of the day's blood and wounds resigned, as the night fell, by the return of the weary soldiers across the causeways which had been so hardly carried; yet the spirit of the siege never drooped, amid its almost hopeless toil. "If all our wounded," says Bernal Diaz, "each day we renewed the attack, had remained behind in our camp, none of the companies could ever have sallied out with more than twenty men at a time." Torquemada says picturesquely, in allusion to the smallness of the Conquistadores band amid their multitudinous foes,—that "the Spaniards stood like a small island, in the midst of the ocean, against which the rolling billows beat on every side." To the ordinary horrors of such a warfare, too, were added others peculiar to the scene:—

"As we were thus retreating," says the chronicler, "we continually heard the large drum beating from

the summit of the chief temple of the city. Its tone was mournful indeed, and sounded like the very instrument of Satan. This drum was so vast in its dimensions that it could be heard from eight to twelve miles distance. Every time we heard its doleful sound, the Mexicans, as we subsequently learnt, offered to their idols the bleeding hearts of our unfortunate countrymen. But we had not nearly accomplished our retreat; for the enemy attacked us from the house-tops, from out of their canoes, and from the mainland, at the same time, while fresh troops were constantly pouring in. At this moment Quauhtemotzin commanded the large horn to be sounded, which was always a signal to his troops that he allowed them no choice but death or victory. With this at the same time was mingled the melancholy sound of the drum from the temple top, which filled the Mexicans with terrific fury, and they ran headlong against our swords. It was really a horrible sight, which I am unable to describe, though even at this moment it comes vividly to my mind. * * * We could plainly see the platform, with the chapel in which those cursed idols stood; how the Mexicans had adorned the heads of the Spaniards with feathers, and compelled their victims to dance round their god, Huitzilopochtli; we saw how they stretched them out at full length on a large stone, ript open their breasts with flint knives, tore out the palpitating heart, and offered it to their idols."

But enough of these horrors, the depressing effect of which on the spirits of the most indomitable, is well described in the admissions of this candid soldier. Another curious effect of this ninety-three days' residence in Pandemonium is also mentioned by Bernal Diaz, at the close of the siege:—

"Subsequent to Quauhtemotzin's capture, we soldiers had become so very deaf, that we could scarcely hear anything, and we felt a similar sensation to what a person experiences when standing in a belfry and all the bells are ringing at once, and then cease all of a sudden. The reader will certainly not think this an ill-timed comparison if he only considers how our ears were constantly assailed during the ninety-three days which the siege of Mexico lasted, both night and day, with all manner of noises. In one quarter rose the deafening yells, piping, and war-whoop of the enemy; here some were calling out to the canoes to attack the brigantines, the bridges, and the causeways; there the Mexicans drove their troops together with loud yells, to cut through the dykes, deepen the openings, drive in palisades, throw up entrenchments, while others cried out for more lances and arrows; in another place, the Mexicans shouted to the women to bring more stones for the slings; between all which, was heard the dismal din of the hellish music of drums, shell trumpets, and particularly the horrible and mournful sound of the huge drum of Huitzilopochtli; and this infernal instrument, whose melancholy tone pierced to the very soul, never ceased a moment. Day and night did all this din and noise continue, without intermission; no one could hear what another said; and so my comparison of the belfry is the most suitable I can imagine."

Among other arms which the Mexicans employed against their Christian foes, they did not neglect the tongue,—and this weapon they seem to have wielded much after the European fashion. One of their exercises of this description is worth recording, for the sake of our chronicler's reflection upon it:—

"In the midst of their fierce attacks, they constantly cried out, 'You are a set of low-minded scoundrels, you are fit for nothing, and you neither know how to build a house nor how to cultivate maize. You are a pack of worthless fellows, and only come to plunder our town. You have fled away from your own country and deserted your own king; but before eight days are past there will not be one of you left alive. Oh! you miserable beings, you are so bad and beastly that even your very flesh is not eatable. It tastes as bitter as gall!' It is most probable that after they had feasted off the bodies of several of our companions, the Almighty, in his merey, had turned the flesh bitter."

In the progress of this siege, Cortes himself

nearly perished. But step after step, in spite of foes innumerable, the progress of the little band of conquerors was made good amid the waters,—the openings in the causeways were filled up behind them, as they advanced—house after house was destroyed in front, to narrow the defences of the foe—inch by inch, the city of Montezuma was once more won. The words in which the unhappy Quauhtemotzin addressed the conqueror, when led captive into his presence, have a natural dignity, which lifts him far above the crafty Spaniard, and well sustains the grandeur of Montezuma when first, for his curse, he looked on Cortes:—"I have done what I was bound to do, in the defence of my metropolis, and of my subjects. My resources have now become entirely exhausted. I have succumbed to superior power, and stand a prisoner before you. Now draw the dagger which hangs at your belt, and plunge it into my bosom." Of the human misery which the siege had wrought, we have some significant hints, in Bernal Diaz's quaint, picturesque way:—

"I must now say something of the dead bodies and skulls which we saw in that quarter of the town where Quauhtemotzin had retreated. It is a real fact, and I can take my oath on it, that the houses and the canals were completely filled with them, a sight which I am unable to describe; and we were scarcely able to move along the streets, and through the courtyards of the Tlatelco, on account of the number of dead bodies. I have certainly read of the destruction of Jerusalem, but should not like to decide whether the carnage was equally great there as it was here; but this I know, that most of the troops, as well of the town itself as those from the townships and provinces which stood under the dominion of Mexico, were most of them slain; that bodies lay strewn everywhere, and the stench was intolerable; which was the reason why, after the capture of Quauhtemotzin, the three divisions drew off to their former stations. Cortes himself became indisposed that day, from the horrible stench."

And speaking of strangers, who, afterwards visited the great city, in her sudden desolation, from the provinces, the chronicler says—"Each of these ambassadors brought with them valuable presents, in gold; and many had their young sons with them—to whom they pointed out the ruins of Mexico, just as we should show our children the spot where Troy once stood." The unhappy Quauhtemotzin, Bernal Diaz says,— "was between twenty-three and twenty-four years of age, and could in truth be termed a handsome man, both as regards his countenance and his figure. His face was rather of an elongated form, with a cheerful look; his eye had great expression, both when he assumed an air of majesty or when he looked pleasantly around him; the colour of his face inclined more to white than to the copperbrown tint of the Indians in general. His wife was a niece of his uncle Motecumsa; she was a young and very beautiful woman."

This unfortunate prince tasted, even more largely than his uncle, the bitterness of such tender mercies as are drawn from conquerors of Cortes's stamp. Tortured, in his capital, along with his cousin, the King of Tlapuca, to extort from them confession as to gold which the unsated conquerors supposed them to have concealed,—he was afterwards dragged through the provinces, in the train of Cortes, when that hero went to seek for more,—and there, finally, executed, together with the same friend, on suspicion of conspiring against the conqueror. It is instructive to compare their calm and noble bearing, under misfortunes that most try the spirits of men, with the mean and jealous movements of the conquerors, amid the pride of conquest. "Oh, Malinche!" (the name given by the natives, throughout New Spain, to Cortes), "I have, for a long time perceived, from your false words, that you had destined me for such a death, because I did not lay violent hands on

myself when you entered my city of Mexico! Why are you thus going to put me, unjustly, to death? God will, one time, ask this of you!" "The King of Tlaxcala," remarks the chronicler, "said he could only rejoice in a death which he would be permitted to suffer with his monarch Quauhtemotzin."

"The death of these two monarchs grieved me excessively, for I had known them in all their glory, and on our march they honoured me with their friendship, and showed me many little attentions; for instance, they would often order their servants to go in quest of fodder for my horse; besides which, they were innocent of the guilt imputed to them, and it was the opinion of all who accompanied this expedition that they were put to death unjustly."

The remainder of Bernal Diaz's narrative brings out some of the most useful morals of the tale. Cortes employed himself in rebuilding the city of Mexico, on a scale of great magnificence, and in pushing his conquests and founding new settlements throughout the great continent. Wonderful things were achieved, in this way. Nothing stopped these enterprising adventurers. The gaunt figure of famine often waved them back, in vain. Bridges were thrown over rivers and arms of the sea, on the line of march. "The bridges," says the chronicler, "which we threw across the numerous rivers we passed, on our march, had been so strongly put together, that several of them were still to be seen for many years after; and subsequently, when all these provinces were subjected to the Spanish crown, our countrymen regarded them in astonishment, and exclaimed, 'These are the bridges of Cortes!' in the same way as people say, 'These are the columns of Hercules!'" But he began to taste the fruits of the principles he had planted, and relished them with a very bad grace. Friends, commissioned by him to make discoveries, set up for themselves, with his forces,—as he had done with the original expedition of Diego Velasquez. When Cortes learned that Christobal de Oli "had determined to act independent of him, he became very pensive." It is possible that, at that moment, he felt that the "poisoned chalice" of treachery was returned to his own lip not unsuitably. Having made bitter enemies, too, among his own people, by his robberies from them, and neglect of their interests while he built up his own, he found charges gathering around him, at home, which the latter years of his life were spent in combating—and with indifferent success. Those whom, on the other hand, he had favoured most, took advantage of his reverses, to rear their own fortunes on the fragments of his, and gave him a further insight into the sourness of selfishness and the bitterness of ingratitude. Returning suddenly, too, on one occasion, from an expedition, in which he was supposed to have perished, he found that assumed fact to be the cause of great satisfaction to his friends, and had a small foretaste, besides, of the quality of his posthumous fame. One story current among the people was, he found, a report that a certain Spaniard "passing over the Tlatelucuo, near the church of Santiago, where the great temple of Huitzilopochtli once stood, had seen the souls of Cortes, Dōna Marina and Sandoval, burning in livid flames, in a courtyard, near this church." The latter days of Cortes were filled with trouble and vexation:—and "when we reflect," says Bernal Diaz, "that none of his undertakings were attended with success, after the conquest of New Spain, we cannot at least be surprised that people should say, he was pursued by the curses which were heaped upon him."

"Thanks be to God and the Blessed Virgin," says the pious chronicler, in conclusion, "who saved me from being sacrificed to the idols, and from so many perils, and thereby rendered it possible for me to write this history!"—and we

are thankful for it, too. The honest annalist has told all—and told it well; and his narrative is made picturesque by many a figure, which gives it life and reality, as in examples already quoted, and many an allusion and self-reference which makes it touching. "Alas!" says Bernal Diaz, "now even, while I am writing this, the figure and powerful build of Christobal de Oli comes fresh to my memory, and my heart feels sore with grief." The amusing vanity of the old soldier, too, being never offensive, and based upon a long series of gallant services and sufferings, gives great piquancy to his gossip; and there is something genial about the man, which confers a pleasant flavour on all he says. Though wounded, both in his feelings and interests, by the neglect of Cortes, and eager to claim his share of that fame as a conquistador, which the latter sought to monopolize, he will let no man depreciate his chief. He loves to exhibit the conqueror as always foremost in action and readiest in resource. Through life, he never failed his illustrious leader; and, in this memoir, he becomes his apologist and panegyrist—though not an uncompromising one. "May the Almighty pardon his sins," he concludes, after a long summing up in his favour, "and mine also; and may he, also, grant me a happy death, for this is of more importance than all our conquests and victories over the Indians!"

Our summing up will be different from that of Bernal Diaz,—because the figures that go to the account have another value, in our day. If it were permitted us to praise evil, for the good it had done, then might the conqueror of Mexico be allowed to take his place among the truly great. It is impossible to read of the wholesale human sacrifices, and other abominations, practised in New Spain, when Cortes found it, without feeling that, by whatever door it came in, the introduction of the improved civilization of the European world was a final gain and blessing. But the actor is not to be measured by his act—apart from his motives and his means. All are not great men who have done great things. It has been the long habit of history, while a poet or a partisan, to deal too much in hero-worship,—and history, become a philosopher, has much to rectify. It will have something to take from the fame of Cortes; and will find the testimony of Bernal Diaz useful for the purpose—far beyond what the chronicler intended.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

The H— Family: Trilinnan: Axel and Anna; and other Tales, by Frederika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt, 2 vols.—We have said our say in a former number (*Athen.* No. 838), concerning the clever sketches of character, the happy utterances of feeling, and the melodramatic incidents which make up 'The H— Family.' We have also offered our word in judgment on the less comprehensible 'Trilinnan,' and are not, therefore, now called on to play the critic and the analyst. The shorter tales, however, which make up the second volume of this collection, still remain to us. They belong to a class of fictions so especially in favour with ourselves, however distasteful to publishers, and those arbiters of literary taste—the keepers of circulating libraries—that we must utter a brief sentence or two, on behalf of the short story. Let us not be misunderstood:—'Grandison' and 'Clarissa' are venerable and impressive works, engaging by their very prolixity, and real in the force of sustained minuteness. Then, while reading 'Kenilworth' and the 'Bride of Lammermoor,' we are convinced, past controversy, that three and two volumes are the only endurable lengths in which a tale can be cast. But this is not the age for critical consistency. On another shelf stand 'Zadig,' and 'The Vicar,' and 'Vathek,' and half a hundred tomes of tinier bulk—the least of which can throw down the barrier of all such formalities: while here comes our trusty and well-beloved Swedish cousin, to strengthen

a more modern list already numbering Miss Mitford's village stories, and Washington Irving's Dutch-American legends—and the *märchen* of Tieck, and Hawthorne's 'Twice-told tales,' and the 'Nouvelles Genevoises' of Tüpfier. Surely painters cannot be always painting, nor gazers straining their necks to admire, gallery pictures. Let us take our pleasure, sometimes in cabinet art, and enjoy a Karel du Jardin or a Metzua, as catholically as if there were no heroic frescos—nor Rubens' riots,—nor Michael Angelo's Sibyls in existence! Not the least of our many reasons for liking Miss Bremer, is, that she frankly, and without prudery or pruriency, sets herself to the illustration of the passion of Love, as a part of her vocation. Odd (and to our eyes, lax,) as are certain of the social ordinances of Sweden—in her own person and in her own spirit, Miss Bremer is alike clear of the Utilitarian and prudential cautiousness of Maria Edgeworth—and the gratuitously-disturbing lawlessness of Madame Dudevant. She does not believe that the Power-loom and the Daguerrotype have banished romance from the world: but she will not countenance passion discovered from duty; accordingly in 'Axel and Anna,' a moving correspondence between a gentleman in the third and a lady in the second story, there is warmth enough to go to the hearts of the young, and propriety *quantum suff.* to satisfy the heads of the old; while for the use of the middle-aged, who are neither too antique to sympathize, nor too juvenile to reflect, there is a fair share of humour. Besides 'Axel and Anna' we have 'The Twins,' a sketch more sentimental than we like; 'The Solitary,' a quiet, unobtrusive picture of female sacrifice and suffering, wrought up with painful power; 'Hopes' and 'The Comforter,' with their titles import, two sketches more cheerful in their close: and a humorous 'Letter about Suppers' in which the fervent Frederika does earnest battle with one Swedish form of entertainment.

Gospel before the Age, by the Rev. Robert Montgomery.—Some years have now elapsed since Mr. Robert Montgomery's claims as a poet were irrevocably decided, and the most unparalleled exertions of the puffing art, that can be found in literary history, proved unavailing to support them. He now comes before the world as a Theologian; exhibiting the same arrogant assumption, the same *pietate lictoria lingua*, and the same arts in identifying his fame with the worst popular prejudices, as when he attempted to palm himself upon the public as a second Milton. His theology is just on a par with his poetry; the same pretension, and the same want of any qualification to support the pretence, is manifest in both. There is, however, the old parade of names and authorities. But

Ad populum phalaras! Ego te intus et in cute novi.

British Blessings, a Poem, in three parts, by a Layman.—It would have been wiser in the author to have treated his subject in prose: but the versified infliction of these "blessings," we are happy to add, is but brief.

False Honour, a Poem.—A vigorous enough piece of declamation against the practice of duelling, which would, however, have been better in prose.

Hawthorndale Village Revisited, by G. K. M.—We thought of 'Yarrow,' and 'Yarrow Revisited,' when reading the title. The poem itself, however, holds more of Gray than of Wordsworth; and strongly reminds us of the tone and style, both in sentiment and diction, of the celebrated Elegy. The author boasts of the friendship of Sir W. Scott, and is, not without reason, proud of his appreciation. These poems are elegant, full of sweet rural images and pathetic meditations, introduced with taste and poetic feeling.

Who is my Neighbour? a Poem.—A ballad exposition of a Scripture-text, for the benefit of the Hull Female Penitentiary.

An Outline of the Various Social Systems and Communities, which have been founded on the Principle of Co-operation, with an Introductory Essay, by the author of the 'Philosophy of Necessity.' Publications on this subject greatly increase in number. The "organization of industry" has been repeatedly advocated, but has remained unaffected from its impossibility. Whether that impossibility be inherent or circumstantial, it has continued unto the present time; if it be only the latter, industrial organization will be realized whenever the general system of things shall permit,

but not before. But is there not a fallacy in the premises? The discontent we hear so much of, is assumed to arise from "long-continued and wide-spread distress:"—may it not, on the contrary, be the result of ever increasing prosperity? The sons are not satisfied with the condition of their fathers; neither should they be; the advancement they have already attained makes them desire more. This is according to natural order; and furnishes a better reason for the theorist's hope of a labour-organization, than the worn out and now disbelieved cry of "Wolf, wolf!" The wolf is not yet at the doors of Englishmen; there is no evil which is not remediable by means far short of extreme measures. That one of these is the establishment of associations, where needful, we admit; but all systems of Socialism and Communism that have reached us, have seemed impracticable and one-sided, while professing the general good, and pretending catholic utilities. We will not apply to them the usual epithets of "wild and visionary;" but, tried in the balance of impartial inquiry, we are compelled to declare, that we have found them wanting. The question is one of practical—more than speculative—import; and deserving serious consideration, particularly when we consider, that at least three-fourths of the population depend on wages alone for subsistence.

Ecclesiastical.—This is a loose and wordy panegyric on all persons and things connected with the Church of England.

Two Essays on Diseases of the Spine, by R. A. Stafford.—That curvature of the spine and diseases dependent on it, have increased very much of late years, seems to be admitted on all hands. At the same time, there has been great backwardness manifested on the part of educated medical men in either investigating the nature or undertaking the treatment of this disease. The consequence has been, that the public has almost been compelled to have recourse to the empiric, if they were desirous of having even a promise of relief. We are glad, therefore, to see any attempts on the part of the profession, to increase a knowledge of the causes and means of cure of diseases of the spine attended with curvature. There is still much to be done; and it strikes us that it offers a good field for exertion to young surgeons desirous of gaining either reputation or fortune.

Guide Books.—*The Hand-book to Paris*, Eighth Edition, is characterized in the above announcement. *Mr. Coglian's Hand-book for Central Europe* embraces an extent of country larger than can be adequately described in a single volume—professing to serve as guide to Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, Germany, Switzerland, France (including Paris), and the Continental Spas!—As far as a cursory examination can justify a judgment, the information it contains does not appear to be either choice or correct. *The Traveller's Hand-book for Gibraltar, with Observations on the surrounding Country*, by an Old Inhabitant, is put together on the least-quantity-of-information principle; it is, however, liberally illustrated with rather coarse lithographs. *Mr. Hemingway's Panorama of the Beauties, Curiosities, and Antiquities of North Wales*, may be recommended as a laboriously collected and sensibly-written guide-book. Why, by the way, do not some of our sketchers, who have laboured so diligently in Ireland, and Scotland, and Cockneyland—a "Boz" or a "Titmarsh"—do something for the Principality? It is full of character, costume, legend, scenery, all, in short, that makes travelling desirable. *A new Pocket Guide to the Isle of Wight*, &c. would have been better without the "chapter introductory," which is written in the high popinjay style. The idea of *Excursions in the Vicinity of London* was possibly suggested by the papers which have appeared in this journal: here the guide promises that the tourist shall "visit and view all the chief objects of attraction in Nature and Art within a circle of from forty to fifty miles—in eight excursions." This is rather too much in the style of Puck's flight, we suspect: but the little book seems to contain a good deal of information: and is, at all events, not dear for sixpence. A more capital shilling's-worth is the *Pictorial Guide to Greenwich*, with which we must close this paragraph, twenty-three excellent engravings on wood from original sketches being given, to set off the letter-press, which is also liberally garnished (perhaps too much so for simple tastes) with flowers of poetry.

List of New Books.—*The British Minstrel and Musical and Literary Miscellany*, Vol. II., royal 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Latin Phrases and Synonyms for Grammar Schools*, by Rev. E. Reddall, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Leuppiere's Classical Dictionary of Proper Names*, corrected and enlarged by Prof. Anthon and E. H. Barker, 4th edit., by Rev. J. A. Giles, D.C.L., 8vo. 16s. 6d. bd.—*The Holy Communion and Eucharistical Office*, 18mo. 2s. cl.—*Charlie Seymour*, by Miss Sinclair, 3rd edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*Sermons*, by Robert Gordon, 4th edit. 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Dymock's Ovid in Latin Scholarship*, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. bd.—*A Comparison between the Idioms, &c. of the French and English Languages*, illustrated in a series of examples, by W. Duverger, 6th edit. 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*The Cowslip*, by the Author of "The Daisy," new edit. 18mo. 1s. swd.—*The Mysteries of Paris*, by Eugene Sue, with plates, by Onghyn, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*The Poetry of Real Life*, by Henry Ellison, 1st series, 8vo. 6s. cl.—*Sermons*, by Archdeacon Wilberforce, 12mo. 7s. cl.—*Drexell's Reflections on Eternity*, by S. Dunster, 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Simpson's Sermons at Shrewsbury*, 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Arden's Family Prayers*, 12mo. 1s. cl. swd.—*A Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land*, by Rev. George Fisk, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.—*The Christian's Mirror*, or, Duty to God and Man, 16mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—*The Pulpit*, Vol. XLV. 8vo. 8s. 6d. cl.—*Caughy's Letters on Various Subjects*, Vol. I. new edit. 12mo. 3s. 6d. cl.—*Montgomery's Gospel before the Age*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 10s. cl.—*Hints to Promote a Life of Faith*, 1 vol. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Elwin's Sermons on Gideon*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 4s. cl.—*Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*, by Dyce, Vol. VI. 8vo. 12s. cl.—*Haydn's Dictionary of Dates*, 2nd edit. 8vo. 18s. cl.—*Martin Chuzzlewit*, by Charles Dickens, 1 vol. 8vo. 21s. cl.—*Dickens's Christmas Carol*, 7th edit. 8vo. 5s. cl.—*Walter Clayton; a Tale of the Gordon Riots*, 3 vols. post 8vo. 17. 11s. 6d. bds.—*Abbechurch; or Self-Controul and Self-Conceit*, 12mo. 4s. 6d. cl.—*Rowbotham's Companion to the School Atlas*, 8vo. 2s. cl.—*The Field of Honour; or, Scenes in the 19th Century*, by Anne Plender, 8vo. 5s. cl.—*The Instant Reckoner*, new edit. 18mo. 2s. cl.—*The Birthday; a Tale for the Young*, 12mo. 5s. cl.—*Bremer's Home*, Vol. II. 32mo. 2s. swd.—*Supplement to the London Catalogue, from 1839 to 1844*, 8vo. 9s. cl.—*Pinnock's History of England made Easy*, new edit. 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.

EASTER-DAY, 1845.

In an article which I have prepared for the next number of the 'Companion to the Almanac,' I have discussed the reasons why Easter Day will next year fall, in apparent defiance of the Act of Parliament, upon the very day of the full moon. But as an accidental application which I have received (and I know that the Superintendent of the Nautical Almanac has received another from a different quarter) makes me think that the computers of almanacs will be puzzled, and that the useless discussion of 1818 (when the discrepancy last occurred) will be revived, unless some one will forthwith state the reason of the difficulty, I request that you will publish some of the conclusions of the paper to which I refer, which will in due time appear in the work cited. And I hope that the daily papers will give additional currency to the same conclusions; and I should recommend that the same thing should be done in the almanacs. The rule adopted in this country for finding Easter is that of the Roman Catholic Church, as established at what is called the reformation of the Calendar by Pope Gregory XIII. in 1582. The authority for this rule is contained in the papal brief of March 1st, 1582, in which reference is made, for all explanations, to the then forthcoming work of the Jesuit Clavius, to whom both the adjustment and explanation of the Calendar had been intrusted. The British Parliament, in adopting the rule of Clavius, made two mistakes in the explanation of that rule. Their explanation is, that Easter Sunday is the Sunday after the full moon, which comes on or next after the 21st of March, and that if the full moon fall on a Sunday, Easter Sunday is the next Sunday.

The two mistakes are as follows:—

1. Instead of "full moon," they should have said "fourteenth day of the moon, the day of new moon being reckoned as the first." That Easter, as well as the Passover was always regulated, not by the full moon, but by the fourteenth day of the moon, is of the utmost historical notoriety. And Clavius says that "none but a few who fancy themselves sharp-sighted ever imagined that the fourteenth of the moon and the full moon were the same in the Church of God."

2. Instead of the "moon" of the heavens, they ought to have said the "moon of the calendar," which is a very different thing. The moon of the calendar is not even a mean, or uniformly moving moon to which astronomers refer the real moon; but differs from it intentionally and avowedly, by two classes of arbitrary alterations, the first class intended for simplicity of calculation, the second for avoiding the possibility of the Christian Easter falling on the actual day of the Jewish Passover.

In the year 1845, the fourteenth day of the calendar moon falls on Saturday the 22nd of March, whence Easter is rightly made to be Sunday the 23rd, according to the law both of the Roman and English churches, though the English statute does not well explain its own method. With regard to this country, it should be noticed that this statute enacts that Easter shall be kept by the "calendar, tables, and rules" annexed to the act: and these agree with Clavius.

Of course any one is at liberty, as many did in 1818, to think that the statute should be altered; and certainly, it would be worth while to avoid misconception by repealing the faulty definition, and substituting a better one, in the prayer-books of the Established Church. But if any one should wish to advocate the repeal of the rules, and the construction of new ones agreeable to the existing definition, and astronomically true, he will perhaps pause when he finds that his own system would sometimes cause it to happen that St. Paul's Cathedral must keep Easter a week after Westminster Abbey, and would very frequently make a week's difference between the festivals of the colonies and the mother country. I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

A. DE MORGAN.

University College, London, July 11, 1844.

DAME JULIANA BERNERS.

Stop, Bibliomaniac, and read this short story:—

ABOUT a fortnight ago, a poor fellow who lives in the village of Blyton, near Gainsburgh, in Lincolnshire, traced his tired way with a basket hung on his arm, in which was a parcel of books, tracts, and such like waste paper, into the town of Gainsburgh. Passing through the streets of this town, he was stopped by an inquiry from a druggist as to what he had in his basket. In short time, the basket load was displayed upon the druggist's board, who bought the lot for three shillings; the poor fellow walked off with his three shillings, perfectly content,—so was the druggist with his bundle. Presently, in looking over the books, he finds one which excited his curiosity; he could not read it, so off he goes with it to a young bookseller, and after these two had examined it as well and closely as their united acumen could devise, they came to the conclusion that it was a curious—a very curious book. The druggist, on profit bent, then offered this one book to the bookseller for the sum of five shillings: but the bookseller, who knew little more than the druggist, dare not venture at such a tremendous speculation; besides, there was one certain, perhaps two leaves out. However, the druggist left it, and the bookseller was to try if he could find out what it was, and, above all, what he could get for it. Presently, it was seen by a Reverend gentleman, who, not anxious himself touching such books, took little notice of it, but goes to a young friend, a bookseller, who had the credit of being a little bookish, as they say. The bookish man looks at it,—suddenly a kind of tremor passes through his frame, and a blush—yes, a blush of delight, rose to his face as he turned over the leaves. What was the price, was the next question; but to this no answer—the owner not being by. Another application half an hour after does not elicit any more satisfactory information; but, wrought up to a fervour, one guinea is bid for the book. Still the owner is undecided, and will not say anything. Next day, the 'Squire' comes to town—sees the book, and offers three pounds: but softly—the bookish man had secured the refusal. The Squire takes it home to look over, and returning it himself the day after, actually offers five guineas. "Sartin sure the Squire knows," was doubtless the poor bookseller's thought, and straightway he posts to offer the refusal of the book to the bookish man for seven pounds. Rejoicing apparently, the foolish, anxious fellow lays down the seven pounds demanded, and becomes possessed of Dame Juliana Berners' Boke of St. Albans, imprinted at St. Albans, MCCCCLXXXVI. Yes, gentle reader, this is the veritable book which, a fortnight ago, was exposed to the elements, tumbled about with a score of other books, and ready to be sold to the first lollipop seller who would buy such old paper to wrap his clean sugar and treacle wares in. Since these occurrences it has again changed hands—on what terms deponent sayeth not,—but the learned world will be rejoiced to hear that it has become a denizen of the library of the Rt. Hon. J.

Grenville. Description of such a book is needless; nevertheless, we may say that it is more perfect than any known copy except the two perfect copies in the possession of Earls Spencer and Pembroke, and is altogether in as fine a condition as could be expected considering that its date is 1486, and that it emanated a fortnight ago only, from the cottage in a country village of a man who a few months ago was sentenced for six or three months to a house of correction for poaching. Thus was brought to light the fifth known copy of the first edition of Dame Juliana Berners' Boke of St. Albans; and thus endeth this history.

Gainsburgh, July, 1844.

CHARACTERS IN "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Rosalind and Orlando, before their meeting in the Forest.

THE business of the 'As You Like It,' is chiefly to

—daily with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

It is especially the play of youthful courtship between two beings of ideal beauty and excellence, in whom the sympathetic part of love predominates over the selfish—affection over passion. No wonder, then, that Shakespeare, so alive to the superior generosity and delicacy of affection in the feminine breast, should have made the heroine of this piece its most conspicuous personage,—to the full and various development of whose moral qualities, as well as her peculiar personal and intellectual attractions, all else in the drama is subservient or subordinate. On a former occasion,* we have shown that 'Cymbeline' is, in the main, the drama of *Imogen*; and for the like reason, as will appear from our subsequent examination, the 'As You Like It' might not unaptly be called the play of *Rosalind*.

Of all the sweet feminine names compounded from *Rosa*, that of *Rosa-linda* seems to be the most elegant, and therefore most befitting that particular character of ideal beauty which the dramatist here assigns to his imaginary princess. In Shakespeare's time, the Spanish language and literature were becoming ascendant in Europe, and were much more familiarly heard and read about the English court, than in the present day. Few readers may now be aware that *Rosalinda* is, in truth, a Spanish name—the adjective *lindo* or *linda* having no complete synonyme in English, but expressing beauty in the more exalted, combined with the more ordinary sense—meaning, in short, *gracefully and elegantly lovely*. The analogy will at once be seen, which the image of the graceful rose bears to the tall and buoyant figure of Rosalind, in all its blooming charms. Orlando's verses on the subject are not a lover's idealization of some real-life charmer—they but describe the dramatist's own ideal conception. Who that reads them, but could fancy Shakespeare himself speaking, with his forest of Arden, his noble exiles, and his heroine before him?

Why should this desert silent be?

For it is unpeopled? No;

Tongues I'll hang on every tree,

That shall evil sayings show:

Some, how brief the life of man

Runs his erring pilgrimage;

That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age.

Some, of violated vows

'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:

But upon the fairest boughs,

Or at every sentence's end,

Will I *Rosalinda* write;

Teaching all that read, to know,

The quintessence of every spirit

Heaven would in little show.

Therefore, heaven nature charg'd

That one body should be fill'd

With all graces wide enlarg'd;

Nature presently distill'd

Helen's cheek, but not her heart;

Cleopatra's majesty;

Atalanta's better part;

Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Thus Rosalind of many parts

By heavenly synod was devis'd;

Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,

To have the touches dearest priz'd.

"Cleopatra's majesty" recalls to us the tallness of figure which the dramatist has made an essential

characteristic of this personage—with a view, amongst other things, to that peculiar male disguise which he designed her to assume, and under which he seems to have intended that she should exhibit to us a complete impersonation of the inmost soul, the most ethereal and exquisite spirit of the piece—that blended ideal of the forest and the pastoral life, which lends to this drama so original and peculiar a charm. To her cousin's proposal, that for security in their wanderings, they shall put themselves in mean attire, and discolour their faces, Rosalind replies,—

Were it not better,

Because that I am more than common tall,

That I did suit me all points like a man?

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand; and (in my heart)

Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will)

We'll have a swashing and a martial outside;

As many other mannish cowards have,

That do outface it with their semblances.

Two things regarding this passage demand attention from the histrionic student of this part, no less than from the reader or auditor—first, the true nature of the feelings which prompt the heroine to assume the masculine garb at all; and, secondly, the precise character of the particular disguise which she adopts. The manner in which more than one of her modern representatives on the stage have demeaned themselves under this habit, would justify Shakespeare's Rosalind in saying to them, as she does on one occasion to her friend Celia, "Dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, that I have a doublet and hose in my disposition?" No, indeed; it is a precisely opposite cause, her peculiarly feminine apprehensiveness, that stimulates the ready invention, which is her predominant intellectual characteristic, to propose the expedient in question. It is not her affectionate and clear-headed cousin, but herself, that starts the timid objection to the going in quest of her banished father:—

Alas, what danger will it be to us,

Maid as we are, to travel forth so far?

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Hereupon her friend simply suggests—

I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,

And with a kind of umber smirch my face;

The like do you; so shall we pass along,

And never stir assailants.

This, however, is merely the negative defence, of rendering themselves unattractive. But the ready wit of Rosalind supplies her with the thought of adding to this means of safety a positive deterrent, by arraying her tall figure in "a swashing and a martial outside," which would have sat ill upon the low stature of Celia; besides, Rosalind must at once have perceived, that the appearance of a female companion by her side, would make her own disguise the less liable to suspicion. Mrs. Jameson, amongst others, misled probably by one of those hasty verbal mistakes which have so often been made by expositors of Shakespeare, seems to have been betrayed by Rosalind's allusion immediately after to "Jove's own page," into talking of "her page's vest," "her page's costume," &c. Now, pages of the banished duke do appear in the course of the forest scenes, two of whom sing, at Touchstone's request, the lively song introduced in the fifth act; but the accoutrements of a page would ill have supplied that "martial" exterior, for the sake of whose protection alone Rosalind had any inclination to put herself in masquerade. She is to wear manly, not boyish habiliments:—

That I did suit me all points like a man;

A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,

A boar-spear in my hand.

This is not the page's, nor the shepherd's, but the forester's array, such as was worn by her father and his exiled followers.

So much for the spirit in which the heroine herself assumes this garb—a spirit as devoid of mere feminine vanity, as it is of unfeminine boldness; although the dramatist now permits her, in justly conscious beauty, to name herself after the cup-bearer of the gods, in that same strain of fond idealization which makes him combine in her proper feminine aspect, the delicate bloom of a Helen, the noble grace of a Cleopatra, and the buoyant step of an Atalanta—

I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,

And therefore look you call me *Ganymede*.

The fitness of this name to the particular character of beauty presented by the disguised heroine as conceived by the poet, is brought home to us in detail by that subsequent description of it, which, like that of her feminine aspect already cited, Shakespeare has made to be breathed out from the lips of love—well knowing that of true perfection, love is the truest as well as the aptest delineator. Of his Phebe, in name and character no less an ideal shepherdess than Rosalind is an ideal princess, it may be said, that we might have been grateful for her creation, even had she been introduced for no other purpose than to give us the enamoured lines which convey so exquisite a portrait of this terrestrial *Ganymede*:—

'Tis but a peevish boy:—yet he talks well:—
But what care I for words?—yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.

It is a pretty youth:—not very pretty:—

But, sure, he's proud:—and yet his pride becomes him.

He'll make a proper man. The best thing in him

Is his complexion; and, faster than his tongue

Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.

He is not tall:—yet for his years he's tall:—

His leg is but so so:—and yet 'tis well:—

There was a pretty redness in his lip;

A little ripper and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek: 'twas just the difference

Between the constant red and mingled damask.

We see with what subtlety the poet has laboured this ideal portrait of the tenderly and gracefully lively youth; and truly, a pencil delicate as his own seems requisite to characterize that correspondent blending of the natural graces with the assumed character, which appears in the language and deportment of his heroine throughout her male personation.

Until her first meeting with Orlando in the forest, she no more seeks than *Imogen* does, to make any display of her masculine part—she simply endures it. In love, as she is, even before assuming it, she may well find it uncongenial. And when first assured that Orlando is in their neighbourhood, all the woman rushes back upon her heart and mind:—
"Alas the day! What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" So soon, however, as Orlando comes actually into her presence, her quick apprehension fails not to discover that these same doublet and hose afford her the best facility for ascertaining the point which now engrosses all her solicitude—whether the noble youth on whom she has fixed her affections, loves her as truly in return.

Here, that we may perceive all the *dignity* which the dramatist has maintained in her character throughout its various development, it becomes indispensable to consider attentively the qualities of heart and intellect, as well as person, which he has unfolded in his youthful hero.

Among the higher male personages of the piece, Orlando bears the most poetical name; while his character, we see, has been studiously compounded, so as to adapt it peculiarly for conceiving a passion highly imaginative, but no less affectionate. We find it summed up in two remarkable passages, on the joint testimony of the two persons of the drama who had known him the most—the man who most hated him, and the man who most loved him—his elder brother Oliver, and his father's old servant Adam. The evidence of the former, in his soliloquy at the end of the opening scene, is rendered peculiarly emphatic by those preceding words:—
"I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he;"
—"Yet," continues Oliver, "he's gentle; never school'd, and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and, indeed, so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised." After this, we may well accept as unexaggerated those expressions of the affectionate old man, which bear witness to the like effect:—

O, my gentle master,

O, my sweet master, O my memory

Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?

Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?

And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?

Know you not, master, to some kind of men

Their graces serve them but as enemies?

No more do yours; your virtues, gentle master,

Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.

O, what a world is this, when what is comely

Envenoms him that bears it!

* See *Athenæum*, No. 807, April 15th, 1843.

Observe, that in all this, it is the beauty of soul rather than of person that is dwelt upon as attracting every heart—though, "gentle, strong, and valiant," we cannot conceive of the person itself as otherwise than comely and graceful.

Consistently with this idea, we find that it is not mere vulgar admiration of a handsome youth performing a feat of bodily prowess, but an instant sympathy of soul, that thrills the heart of Rosalind on their first meeting. It is remarkable that, in the first instance while Celia proposes to her cousin that they shall stay and see the wrestling, Rosalind, pained by Le Beau's account of the three young men whom the wrestler had already disabled, shows her superior sensitiveness, by her indisposition to remain:—"Is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?" But her first glance at the young stranger—"Is yonder the man?"—banishes her reluctance; and to her uncle's enquiry, whether her cousin and she are "crept hither to see the wrestling," she promptly answers for them both, "Ay, my liege; so please you give us leave;" and in like manner, she is the first to ask, "Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?" The terms in which he declines the proffered intervention of the ladies to prevent his proceeding to the perilous encounter, are conceived by the dramatist with admirable fitness to deepen and fix the impression which the speaker has already made upon the sensitive and generous heart of Rosalind, by unconsciously touching that strong though tender chord of sympathy, the similarity of their adverse fortunes:—

"I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes, and gentle wishes, go with me to my trial; wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

This modestly plaintive apology, when delivered in the pathetic melody of tone appropriate to the character, fully prepares us for the heroine's expressions of tremulous interest in his success, and for that silently fluttering exultation for his victory which it is left for the genius of the actress to supply. Then, to complete the conquest of this new passion over the heart of Rosalind, by a yet more intimate bond of compassionate sympathy, there come at once Orlando's disclosure of his parentage as the son of her father's bosom friend, and her usurping uncle's ungenerous treatment of him on that very account. She naturally exclaims:—

My father lov'd Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventur'd.

It is not, however, until her cousin has first addressed him—"Sir, you have well deserv'd," &c., that Rosalind gives him the chain from her neck, saying—

Gentleman,
Wear this for me; one out of suits with fortune;
That could give more, but that her hand lacks means.
Shall we go, coz?

He calls us back. My pride fell with my fortunes.
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrow
More than your enemies.

On the other hand, the look and accents of the lovely wearer in giving the chain, seem at once to have taken full possession of Orlando's heart—

Can I not say, I thank you, &c.

And when the two princesses have left him alone—

What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urg'd conference,
O poor Orlando! thou art overthrown;
Or Charles, or something weaker, masters thee.

And immediately, to fix the hold of this new passion on his sympathetic nature, and complete, in the auditor's contemplation, the bond of reciprocal affection between the generous-hearted lovers, comes in Le Beau, to tell Orlando, at once, of the usurping duke's malevolence against him,—of his daughter Celia's more than sisterly affection for her cousin Rosalind,—and finally,

that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle niece;
Grounded upon no other argument,
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth.

This announcement, we say, strikes a deeper chord of sympathy in Orlando's breast, which vibrates in those concluding words of the scene—

Thus must I from the snook into the smother;
From tyrant duke, unto a tyrant brother
But heavenly Rosalind!

Again, how delightfully do we find our progressive interest in the heroine, as a being to be transcendently loved as well as admired, enhanced in the course of that exquisite scene wherein her uncle pronounces her banishment! There is her nobly spirited repelling of the imputation upon herself and her father—

Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor, &c.
Then, her cousin's warm-hearted defence of her—

Why, so am I, &c.
If she be a traitor,—

Next, her uncle's own admission—

Her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.

And lastly, that delicious climax of evidence as to her resistless power of attracting devoted affection, in the charming altercation which follows between her and Celia:—

Cel. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more griev'd than I am.
Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Pr'ythee, be cheerful: knowst thou not, the duke
Hath banish'd me his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.
Cel. No? hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth me that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd? shall we part, sweet girl?
No; let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your charge upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee!

Not less beautifully touching is that parallel demonstration of a most loving and loveable nature in his hero, which the poet has given us in that devoted attachment of the old servant Adam to his youthful master, and its requital by the latter, which Shakespeare seems to have delineated even with peculiar fondness. We get in love, indeed, with Orlando from the very opening of the piece; for, though he so justly feels himself aggrieved by his elder brother, there is nothing revengeful in his resentment; it is but the uprising of a generous and benevolent spirit against an envious and unnatural oppression, which "mimes his gentility with his education." The first words of concession from his brother, after the angry altercation between them, are ungracious enough:—"Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you: you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me." Yet these draw from him the pacific reply—"I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good."

But it is his tender gratitude for the old man's devoted fidelity, that most strongly prepossesses us in Orlando's favour. How affectingly is this displayed in the scenes where, during their first wanderings, he is seeking food to save his good old follower from perishing of hunger! In order to perceive the full dramatic force and beauty of the scene where he rushes in, with drawn sword, upon the banished duke and his followers while seated at table, we should bear in mind the determination he had expressed to Adam—when the latter was counselling him to avoid his brother's house on account of his murderous intentions,—that no extremity should make him—

With a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thieves' living on the common road.

But now, one sole idea engrosses him—that a moment's delay in bringing him nourishment may be death to his venerable servant. It is the instant necessity of saving the life of the being upon earth who has shown most affection for him, that can alone impel him to do the violence to his nature, which this menacing action implies. He takes the forcible, simply as being the directest and the quickest means. Yet the duke's address to him—

Art thou thus bolden'd, man, by thy distress;
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?—

so keenly touches his gentlemanly consciousness, as to extort from him the reply:—

You touch'd my vein at first; the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland-bred,
And know some nurture.

But here the urgency of the occasion rushes back upon his mind, and makes him instantly repeat his menace,—

But forbear, I say;
He dies, that touches any of this fruit,
Till I and my affairs are answered.

To the duke's enquiry and assurance—

What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness,—
he answers,—

I almost die for food, and let me have it.

But it is not his own famishing, it is that of poor old Adam, that he is all the while thinking of. And here let us point out, since the matter is liable to hasty misconception, the dramatic propriety no less than the poetic beauty of the answer to the duke's immediate invitation,

Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orlando's eagerness to relieve the pressing necessity of his aged servant, would not have permitted him to waste his time on even the most eloquent appeal to the feelings of his stranger host and his companions, but that he now feels "gentleness" to be his most effective weapon for securing from these men, with whom he is so newly acquainted, the means of relief to the subject of his solicitude. Here, therefore, the speaker is making the best use of his time, even for that immediate purpose, while the passage itself, so touchingly expressing his own sense of the sweets of social life, as contrasted with that of the wilderness to which he is yet uninitiated, is one of those most intimately disclosing that genial nature which Shakespeare has so studiously developed in this character:—

Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Yet, after the duke (yet unknown to our hero) has fully responded to the kindness of this address, Orlando's apprehensiveness as to the security of his main object, is still tremblingly alive:—

Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love: till he be first sufficed,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

The mutual disclosure of name and station which follows, between him and the duke, terminates this phase of the hero's fortune:—

If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whisper'd faithfully you were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly him'd and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither. I am the duke
That lov'd your father. The residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me.

Orlando has now been conducted through those trials which the dramatist has employed to disclose the inherent qualities of his character, as well as to interest us in his fate; and is arrived at that state of sylvan quiet where, having nothing to do but "fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world," he naturally surrenders himself to his newborn passion for the "heavenly Rosalind." The new development of both characters, but especially that of the heroine, in the course of the very originally imagined courtship which ensues between the lover and his disguised mistress, must form the subject of another paper. This is one of those among Shakespeare's more subtle and delicate delineations, respecting which great misconception has existed. We shall therefore take some pains, by a diligent exposition of the matter, to cause more justice to

be rendered to those noble and tender graces in the spirit of his Rosalind, to the unfolding and enhancing of which he has made her gayest sprightliness purely subservient.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

MANY questions have been asked of us as to the pecuniary circumstances of the late Thomas Campbell, and a general impression appears to prevail that, latterly, he laboured under pecuniary difficulties. We sincerely believe that there is no just ground for any such fears. Words dropped by Mr. Campbell have, indeed, been urged as proof to the contrary; but the poet, like all of "his tribe," had his peculiarities, and amongst them were a strange forethinking in respect to money matters. Without the slightest disposition to ostentation or idle expense, he had such a horror of dependence, with the accompanying poverty, that he was ever anxious about the future. But for a widower with only one child, Mr. Campbell's certain income was sufficient for his very moderate requirements; he had a pension of 200*l.* a year from government. The interest of 5000*l.* in the funds for his life, the profits from the sale of his Poems, two or three editions of which, have been sold within the last few years, and whatever he could realize from his editorial and literary labours. Now judging of his position by the fortunes of literary men generally, it is impossible to believe that Mr. Campbell was in difficulties. His removal to France was merely to enable a niece who had just come to reside with him, to acquire a knowledge of the French language, and other educational advantages. The following is a Copy of his Will. The personal property (which, be it observed, does not include the 5000*l.* settled on his son) is sworn under 2000*l.*

"This is the last will and testament of me, Thomas Campbell, LL.B., now resident at No. 8, Victoria-square, in the county of Middlesex.

"Whereas, under and by virtue of the will of Archibald Macculloch Stewart, late of Ascot, deceased, my only son, Thomas Telford Campbell, will, upon my decease, be entitled to a certain sum of money, which I deem a competent provision for him: I do not, therefore, intend to make any provision for him by this my will.

"I give and bequeath the silver bowl presented to me by the students of Glasgow when I was Rector of that University, and the copy of the portrait of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, which was sent to me by the Queen herself (and which two articles I reckon the jewels of my property), and also all and every my manuscripts and copyrights of my compositions, whether in prose or verse, and the vignettes which have illustrated my poems, and also all and every my books, prints, pictures, furniture, plate, money, personal estate and effects whatsoever and wheresoever whereof I may die possessed, after and subject to the payment of my just debts, funeral and testamentary expenses, which I do direct to be paid as soon as conveniently may be after my decease, unto my niece, Mary Campbell, the daughter of my deceased brother, Alexander Campbell, late of Glasgow, for her own sole and separate use and benefit.

"And I do hereby appoint my staunch and inestimable friend, Dr. William Beattie, of No. 6, Park-square, Regent's Park, in the said county of Middlesex, and William Moxon, of the Middle Temple, Esq., to be executors of this my will, and also to act as guardians to my said son; and I revoke all former and other wills and testamentary dispositions by me at any time heretofore made, and declare this only to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, the 7th day of November, 1842.

"THOMAS CAMPBELL.

"Signed, published, and declared by the testator, Thomas Campbell, as and for his last will and testament, in the presence of us, present at the same time, who in his presence and at his request have subscribed our names as witnesses.

"EDWARD CLIFFORD, 9, Ranelagh-grove, Piccadilly.

"HENRY MOXON, 67, Ebury-street, Eaton-square."

Mr. Hind announces that he has received a letter from M. Mauvais, reporting the discovery of a Comet, in the Constellation Hercules, on the night of Sunday last, July 7.

We hear that Mr. Prout, the veteran water-colour artist, has left his retirement at Hastings in renovated health, and is about to resume his profession in the metropolis. Recent accounts from Cairo make mention of Mr. John Lewis having become so completely Turkish in his habits that there appears no prospect of his return to his native country; but he has not discontinued the use of his pencil, having accumulated a store of sketches of the oriental subjects with which he is surrounded.

Upwards of 1000*l.* of the sum wanting to complete the Edinburgh Monument to the Memory of Sir Walter Scott, has been produced by a "Waverley Ball," held, in London, at Willis's Rooms, and attended by 1,438 persons, including many of the most distinguished names in society. A procession

of the characters in the Waverley Novels made a portion of the evening's entertainments.

If the loudest buzz and busiest commotion throughout this human apiary of workers and drones, London,—wherein do likewise cluster no few wasps and hornets, besides humble-bees straying from their rural cells, and gnats innumerable,—has been excited by Post Office espionage, the softest and pleasantest hum has been caused by a very different exposure to the public, of certain wondrous *Hobbemas*. Among these, perhaps, ranks first the "Cobbe Hobbema," long celebrated under that most cacophonous title, and now to be known as Mr. Holford's; it was rendered visible last season at Mr. Buchanan's, we suppose to vindicate its lofty pretensions and not very low price—three thousand pounds! Whoever would pasture his eye upon a luxuriant landscape of the same species, let him visit Mr. Brown's atelier, 42, Howland-street. The Harman specimen had a beautiful softness, distinguishing it as what we might call a feminine landscape—were gender attributable to such things; while the abovesaid picture displays our artist's more usual vigour and masculine character of execution. This last-mentioned quality is compatible enough with delicate treatment and elegance; the slender lady-like trees allow their dark-green veils to droop over their bending heads and numerous arms in the gracefulst fashion: a breath would make their leaf-woven robes rustle from their crispness and lightness; we could throw a great many other *bouquets* of floweriest rhetoric at their feet, till our poetical posies "bedecked the whole scene" (as Damon says), but suffice it for us to say—*Mynheer Minderhout* seldom painted a better picture. Beside it stands the Codrington *Vandervelde*, a foaming 'Scap-piece,' where the spray almost spirits itself on the spectator, and the waves teem over the frame, well worth another view to those who saw it beneath a full incrustation, the removal of which we suggested would reveal a gem worth first-water price, (see No. 812). There is here also an admirable landscape by *Gaspar Poussin*—quite above the common run of his auction-room specimens, with their green wedges called hills, dovetailed into each other from opposite sides, their stiff-leaved trees, so very wooden, their pool of verdigris in the middle! *Orizonte* himself, nor *Orribilante*, never painted such insipid "grand gallery pictures." The Poussin we mention, may rank among Gaspar's most original compositions, and reveals his creative power even by the nothingness out of which this world of beauty springs. A verdant causeway leads through a wood into a flat moorland: from these prosaic elements, and the common appendages—a tower, distant hills, and glimmering waters—he bodies forth his poetic scene, not just romantic, because no Frenchman perhaps, in his age, had any other idea of this than he attached to a *Souderi Roman*. Neither Poussin was born to witch the world with noble workmanship, but the present landscape has none of the black and blistered appearance that Gaspar's execution commonly entailed on his finest conceptions.

The Prussian king is about to add the 'Eumenides,' of *Æschylus*, to the number of revivals of the ancient Greek drama, which have taken place, by his direction, at the palace-theatre of Potsdam. The German translation, for the purpose, will be made by the Hellenist, Herr Donner; and Meyerbeer has undertaken the composition of the music.

From Paris, we learn, that M. Prisse, who has resided for some years in Egypt, has sent home a monument of great value, obtained from the ruins of Karnac—the bas-reliefs from the Hall of the ancestors of Meris. These bas-reliefs contain in two compartments, about 60 portraits of the ancient Pharaohs,—ranged in the order of their dynastic succession.

Last Week but One.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN. Admission, (from Eight o'clock till Seven) 1*s.*; Catalogue 1*s.* HENRY HOWARD, R.A. Sec.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, FALL MALL. The Gallery, with a SELECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS, and Deceased BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten in the Morning till Six in the Evening.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

THE TENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS IS NOW OPEN at their Gallery, FIFTY-THREE, FALL MALL, next the British Institution, from 9 o'clock till Dark. Admission 1*s.*; Catalogue 6*d.* JAMES FAHEY, Secretary.

GREAT ATTRACTION.—DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, NOW OPEN, with a NEW EXHIBITION, representing the Interior of the Abbey Church of St. Owen, at Rouen; and an Exterior View of the Cathedral of Notre Dame at Paris. Both Pictures are painted by M. Renoux, and exhibit various novel effects of light and shade.—Open from Ten till Six.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Arrangements have been made for Dr. RYAN to deliver LECTURES on the EVENINGS OF MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 8 o'clock, at Professor BACHOFFNER on TUESDAY and THURSDAY EVENINGS. These Lectures, as well as those delivered in the Mornings, abound in interesting experiments. LONGROTTON'S PHYSIOSCOPE exhibits the human face on a gigantic scale, curiously contrasted with the living man. Casts of INSCRIPTIONS taken by Miss Wilson from the WALLS of the TOWER of LONDON, cut by Lord Guilford Dudley and other State Prisoners, as well as WORKS of the FINE ARTS, are magnified by the OPAQUE MICROSCOPE. ARMSTRONG'S HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE. DIVING BELL and DIVER. NEW DISSOLVING VIEWS, &c. &c. The Music is conducted by T. Wallis, Mus. Doc.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—July 3.—W. H. Pepys, Esq., in the chair. The King of Saxony was elected an Honorary Member; and of the following gentlemen were elected Fellows; Sir T. Tancred, J. B. Phillips, Esq., Dr. W. Speir, and Mr. F. C. Ball. Sir W. J. Hooker sent from Kew the charming *Thunbergia chrysops*, remarkable for its eye of gold in a field of the richest purple.—A. Park, Esq., Merton Grove, obtained the Silver Knight Medal for a new shrubby *Nolano*, with large sky-blue flowers: this plant may be expected to become a valuable addition to our collections, if, as is probable, it will grow out of doors like a *Perlagonium* during the summer.—Mrs. Mason, of Copt Hewick, produced blossoms of that *Passiflora membranacea*, distributed by the Society from Mr. Hartweg's seed, with beautiful foliage, which no one had succeeded in throwing into flower; it proves to have pale lemon-coloured blossoms, lying within a pair of pale purple bracts, looking exceedingly like some gay bivalve shell.—Mr. Glendinning produced a beautiful little specimen of *Clodendron infortunatum*, which is thus shown to blossom freely while small.—E. D. Davenport, Esq., produced four Providence Pines, weighing respectively 6lb. 2oz., 8lb. 12oz., 7lb. 2oz., and 6lb. 15oz., and obtained a Silver Banksian Medal for the first, which was handsome as well as heavy. Among Melons was a Hoosance, from the Rev. Wm. Antrobus, weighing 12lb. 3oz., for which, although degenerate, a Banksian Medal was given, because of its good cultivation.—Of the plants from the Society's Garden the most interesting was a beautiful plant of *Elaeagnus cynaurea*, loaded with snow-white cups, cut at the border into feathers. Few people flower this species; the specimen produced had been exposed to a long season of heat, comparative dryness, and a bright light, in the iron conservatory. Finally, the result of a trial of charcoal *versus* bone-dust, as applied to *Fuchsia*, was produced in the form of two plants of *Fuchsia chevalieri*: they were struck from cuttings in one pot, and were potted off on the 15th of February. A thumb-pot full of bone-dust was mixed with the soil, in which one was potted; the other received the same quantity of charcoal; each was potted in a 48. For a few weeks the only perceptible difference was that the one in bone-dust had leaves of a darker colour. Both were repotted on the 26th of April, into 16's, a 60 pot of bone-dust being then given to the one, and of charcoal to the other, in the same way as before; both plants had grown so much alike, that it was hardly possible to say which was best.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—June 18.—The Bishop of Norwich in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. E. Solly on the solid vegetable oils. These oils were characterized by possessing stearine, the solid principle of all oils, in such quantity as to render them solid at the ordinary temperatures of the atmosphere. They were of the consistence of animal fats, and in many instances were used as substitutes for the fat of animals in the making of candles, and as substitutes for butter, as articles of diet. There was some difficulty in distinguishing these oils from wax; but the latter was produced in much less quantities. The various plants yielding solid oils were pointed out, with the modes of obtaining the oils, and the uses to which they were subservient in the various parts of the world. Few or no British plants yield solid oils. The plants yielding butter, tallow, and solid oils which

were mentioned are as follows:—*Theobroma cacao*, Chocolate nut-tree, yielding Cacao butter; *Fateria Indica*, producing a solid semicrystalline fat, used for various purposes in India, where the tree is called Tallow-tree; *Pentadesma butyacea*, the Butter or Tallow-tree of Sierra Leone. Several species of plants belonging to the natural order Lauraceæ, as *Laurus nobilis*, *Tetranthera sebifera* or *Litsea sebifera*, *Laurus cinnamomum*, &c., yield solid oils, in addition to their volatile fluid oils. The *Myristica moschata*, the common Nutmeg, with the *M. sebifera*, both yield a solid oil, sometimes called Nutmeg butter; *Bassia butyacea*, the Mahua or Madhuca-tree, gives out a kind of butter which is used in India. The Butter-tree of Mungo Park, found in Africa, is the *Bassia Parkii* of some writers, though others have doubted if the Butter-tree of Park is a *Bassia* at all. The butter is also called Shoa butter, and specimens were exhibited procured by Dr. Stanger during the late Niger expedition. Several Palms yield solid oils; the principal of these are the *Cocos nucifera*, Cocoa-nut-tree, and the *Elais guineensis*; the former yields the Cocoa-nut oil and butter; the latter, the Palm-oil of commerce. All the fruits, however, of Palmaceæ are capable of yielding more or less solid oil, and many other species than those named yield the Palm-oil of commerce.—A paper was read from Mr. Curtis, on the economy of the order Strepsiptera.—A third paper was read from Dr. Hemming, on the anatomy of the muscles which move the peacock's tail. Dr. Balfour, Professor of Botany, Glasgow, was elected a Fellow.

MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.—June 19.—Dr. J. S. Goodfellow in the chair. A paper was read by E. J. Quekett, Esq., on an apparently new form of vegetable discharged from the human stomach, belonging to the class Algae. The Society then adjourned until October.

FINE ARTS.

SALE OF MR. PENNIE'S PICTURES.

THE second, and we suppose, last picture-sale of any importance this season took place just a week since, where the first did, at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, but there was a singular dissimilitude between these kindred occurrences. Such a mob of amateurs (orderly and decently-clad for the most part, we must own,) beset and besieged the auction-room on the private-view day of Mr. Harman's Dutch collection, that a late comer could scarcely get his nose admission, not to speak of his entire person; while the correspondent day of Mr. Pennie's more than half Italian collection might well be called private, as the worshipful Company of Tailors might have gone to work there with elbowspace enough among the visitors. Is our application of the word "mob" unjustifiable? Indeed, the sale happened somewhat after mid-season, and was attended at bidding-time by a good many culture-faced enthusiasts, eager to pick up and carry off. Yet even the paintings seemed as little understood as those in the Tombs of the Egyptian Kings, by one half the virtuosi who surveyed them. Another difference we may mention: the jewels exceeded the litter—a rare quality of picture-collections! Among seventeen specimens, one alone we should pronounce despicable,—despicable too, for its *nimipimimi* prettiness; no fewer than six were masterpieces, and three of these were master-pieces of master-spirits. We proceed to discuss them.

No. 1. 'The Israelites drawing water from the Rock,' by Bassano. This miracle, which may have been the source of the beautiful superstition about the Divining Rod, is here represented like the latter, since it wants all Scriptural dignity. But colour and texture are Bassano's dominant object, perhaps because most within his attainment, and he excels rather in the splendid harmonization of copper skillets, sun-burnt skins, rich-grained stuffs, emerald-green verdure, and embrowned foliage, than in the ordonnance of less secular and domestic materials. Old Bassano begat the Dutch school of still-life, dead game, and cottage-scene painters, though even his tint, tone, and entire mechanism reveal an Italian grandeur of style, notwithstanding his homeliness of subject. No. 1. seems a good counterfeit by one of his sons (probably Gian-Battista, the best deceiver), and once, as the tale goes, belonged to Rembrandt: it requires almost another flood to cleanse it, and brought 70 guineas. No. 2, a 'Market,' by ditto. Much the

same might be said about this specimen, but the composition is still more artificial, the materials still more culinary and common-place, the colouring patchy and chill, the texture coarse instead of rough,—which removes the performance yet farther from old Giacompo's manner: it appeared to have suffered less, and brought 90 guineas. No. 3, the 'Virgin, Child, St. Joseph, and St. Elizabeth,' by Coello, commended for being an imitation of Carlo Maratti. An original by the said very smallest among the great painters is sometimes a commendable effort of well-instructed dulness and aspiring petit-maitre-ship; copies after him or his style are as contemptible as so many *Angelica Kauffmann*. But Spanish pictures bring large prices; and albeit we suspect the artist who perpetrated this prettiness is no better known in Spain than in England, Coello's name enhanced its market value—205 guineas. No. 4, a 'View of Florence,' by Canaletti; a telescopic view, at twelve hundred miles distance, over Alps and Apennines, (such is its faithfulness!) of the green-watered Arno, the elegant Ponte Trinita,—perhaps too elegant, considering amidst what massive and austere architecture it stands,—the palaced perspective of the Lung'arno, and Arnolfo's gigantic Tower of the Palazzo Vecchio. A mere portraiture, however; 200 guineas. Nos. 5 & 6, two 'Flower and Fruit Pieces,' by Van Os: flower and fruit pieces, the most hopeless of all contentions with Nature! How foolish the attempt to rival her precisely in her most beautiful productions! A human face, though called divine, has always some defects, or at least, improvable features; a flower's face has no perceptible defect, and no idealism can improve it. Nothing is to be done except to arrange the canvas nosegay or dessert-dish a little better than the gardener or cook arranges the real one. An artist might as well paint a picture of butterflies! Nevertheless, such imitations have their frivolous merits and admirers: these brought 190 and 170 guineas. No. 7, a 'Reposo,' said by Titian, from the Giustiniani collection, possesses but slender claims on its high parentage, and we leave its beauties to the repose they are sunk in: price 200 guineas. No. 8, a 'Hawking Party,' by Wouvermans, was once excellent, and may become so again under the skilful care of its purchaser (Mr. Farrer): 620 guineas. No. 9, 'Le Lendemain des Noces,' by Teniers. A bagpipe ball, exhibiting the drowsy liveliness and ponderous activity of Dutch villagers with great truth and humour: the youngest men lift their feet like bears made to dance a saraband; the maidens like mothers of families just about to increase them. We think this work has suffered some pollution from the picture-doctors, and moreover, wants the transparent silveriness for which Teniers is famous; but it well deserved 510 guineas. No. 10, a 'Landscape,' by Gaspar Poussin, neat and inane, 380 guineas. No. 11, the 'Flight into Egypt,' by Claude: wherein, as usual, the greatest personages who ever influenced mankind are nobodies,—mere figures introduced to enliven the landscape! Irreverence out of the question, why give, artistically speaking, such preposterous misnomers? It represents a beautiful Mediterranean inlet, without a single feature of the Levantine shore. Claude was very pardonable for this, but let modern painters beware how they degrade noble events, whether secular or sacred, into accessories, after his example. We conjecture the 'Flight' rather an early trial of his pinions, being in parts feeble, and timid throughout. Price 760 guineas. No. 12, another, and a far better Teniers, 'Pair ou non Pair,' which may be Englished, 'Odd or Even'; a game represented at its crisis, before a Dutch alehouse. The landlord lays his fist, pregnant with futurity, as the French would express it, on the table, and three or four huge-headed mortals shake up their brains, addled by drink as well as by the effort to think, for a sagacious guess that may ensure them an additional stoup gratis. It is a momentous moment: Wilkie's 'Game at Cards' exhibits more varied characters, but not so much concentrated interest. The workmanship renders even 'Rent Day' and the 'Chelsea Pensioners' laborious clumsiness in comparison: its perfect art conceals itself; all appears done off-hand, yet the landlord alone has the finish of a miniature and the freedom of a sketch. It once belonged to the Orleans collection,—no certificate of its merits, indeed, when we consider the drossy nature of the mine whence it was extracted. Mr. Hibbert gave

300 guineas for it half a century ago; it now brought 850. No. 13, 'Lot and his Daughters,' by Guido,—the finest, if but the second-highest priced picture here; a graceful, a grandiose, an attractive, though quite unmeretricious picture. Its venturesome theme is the forlorn hope of a painter to succeed in; he seldom escapes unscathed; Guido's discreet skill and delicate taste enables him to triumph. His proper choice of the time makes his visible delineation as little objectionable as the catastrophe itself seen through the dim veil of sacred description. We are not here disgusted with a view of senile and incestuous bacchanalianism; the personages, on their way from Zoar to the mountains, betoken not that they have left one Gomorrah for another, nor would find this other anywhere they went, because they had it within them; nevertheless, those beautiful Niobe features of the eldest daughter wear a too pleasure-given regard; and the golden wine-vessel she carries has Cupid-like forms embossed upon it; the youngest, a Damsel of still lovelier mien, and her indulgent father, hold discourse more earnest and familiar than patriarchal strictness would have permitted; thus charily, yet significantly, does Guido prefigure the approaching truth. We defend his attempt no further. He outrages costume, if he observes decorum: Greek art was undreamt of then, and Roman cloaks had not dawned on any sartorial imagination. This admitted, the figures are draped with tasteful elegance and nobleness. In respect of workmanship, the style we should pronounce transition, between his earlier, powerful, Caravaggiesque, and his later, subdued, own,—nearer, however, to the first. Well-painted heads have always a substantive value, but the hands of these dignified persons would by themselves make complete and admirable pictures. Were Bolognese productions (we mean of the Caracci school) oftener like the present specimen, they would less irritate us to cry out amidst their insipid eclecticism and academic conventionalities, O for one artless work of Old Francia! Government secured at 1600 guineas such a Guido as few National Galleries can hope to get bargains of. No. 14, 'Susanna and the Elders,' a second Guido,—we would add, a second-rate. Both paintings have grown flat and somewhat ineffective from their sunken shadows and backgrounds: this has suffered the most. Besides, the grand Italian gusto does not much elevate the subject, which is unenhanced also, by touches of subtle expressiveness, or refined traits of invention. Susanna exhibits a sort of servant-maid modesty, alarmed rather than shocked at the too sudden approach of her salacious admirers; a saucy-lipped amazement at their naughtiness, rather than the shuddering innocence that freezes, horror-struck, into an icicle, and awes with its very despair, though it fail to repress solicitation. On the other hand, we recognize considerable merit: it brought 900 guineas. No. 15, an 'Interior,' by Adrian Ostade. Two such specimens of the master as this and the Harman, (see *Athenæum*, ante, p. 506,) like a brace of porpoises above London Bridge, seldom make their appearance in one season. Were price any test of preciousness, they would have about equal pretensions, the former gem fetching thirteen hundred and ten guineas, i.e. within ten of what the latter obtained; we think there is a full hundred difference between their intrinsic values. The present Ostade can boast its bigger littleness, and certain details,—a primrose-coloured waistcoat, a pale-green pair of pellucid expressibles, &c., at which the dilettante's visage becomes all eyes, and his speech all superlatives; but on the whole, it seems to us the subordinate performance. More figures contribute less character, more merry-makers less humour; a degree of hardness and thinness gives the execution an air somewhat feeble, though perhaps a delicate effect that softer pencil-work and deeper impasto would not have accomplished. Here we behold the prototype of Wilkie's 'Penny Wedding,' 'Blind Man's Buff,' and their kindred productions, as much its superior for varied expression and graphic display, as for easy inventiveness and adroit manipulation far beneath it. No. 16, 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' of which Titian is the putative father. We can neither affiliate it upon him, nor upon Bonifazio, to whom the connoisseurs ascribe every Titianesque foundling, because the world knows nought whatever about this artist,—themselves very little. A squeamish

conscience forbids us to charge him who painted the magnificent 'Adoration of the Magi,' and numerous other master-pieces, whose splendour illuminates the chapels and saloons of Venice with a richly, but heavily coloured work, whose effectiveness diminishes on approach, if striking enough from a distance. Neglect or over-cleaning may have rendered even its brightest tints rapid, and dulled its general lustre. We should rather attribute it to that industrious signor, 'Il Cavaliere Qualcheduno,' whose unrecognized claims as the limner of so many respectable pictures we lately asserted, in honour of the helpless gentleman (despite his "hundred hands") who never dared affirm them himself. This was knocked down for six hundred guineas. Last, not least, No. 17, the 'Judgment of Paris,' by *Rubens*. An Orleans article, and brought, when Lord Kinnaird sold it, 3000 pounds; it now brought 4,000 guineas, and has become one of the splendid fixtures that adorn our National Gallery. Amateurs will guess without seeing it how such a subject fares at the hands of such a painter. Sir Peter Paul, thou art a most potent magician! who, like Timon's "visible god,"

Canst solder close impossibilities,
And make them kiss!

who canst unite the sublime and the absurd, the beautiful and the repulsive, raise our admiration and our aversion, be a most ethereal imaginor, yet a wallower in the impure Epicurean mire! Here are Mercury and the Phrygian shepherd-prince, surveying with flushed complexions and watery eyes, three hussies of goddesses that unmask their Flemish graces to the noontide sun; Venus stands as unabashed as if she were an Eve before the fall; Juno's peacock pecks at Paris's pig-faced dog, to foreshadow the apple-loving Queen of Olympia's failure; while Minerva's owl stares with immense astonishment upon her mistress's unwise exhibition, and her *Egis* behind manifestly exclaims open-mouthed, O popoi! (*Anglice*, what next?) Had the judge to decide which was the least of a beauty, it might well have puzzled him. Notwithstanding all this, the picture entrances, enraptures! Power—power is the secret charm of Rubens's creations, gorgeousness only their superficial attraction, sometimes their defect, when it degenerates into garishness. It may be said the National Collection wanted neither another Rubens nor Guido, but such fine specimens once lost, would have been *quasi* irrecoverable; each was bid for like a dish of food in a famine. A single hour sold the entire Penrice cabinet—thirteen thousand pounds worth of pictures! We were glad to see the Conservator of the National Gallery present, whether or not "our thunder" a few weeks ago reverberated in Trafalgar Square. His two above-mentioned purchases for that Institution redeem the character much compromised then by a rash selection of the wretchedest thing ever called a Guido, and by certain other proofs of supineness.

EXHIBITION AT WESTMINSTER HALL.

The Sculptures.—There are two figures, in this collection,—one (86) described in the catalogue as *The Descent of Mercury with the Cestus of Venus*, by Mr. Patrick Park—though a classical theme, noticed here, for the sake of the remarks that apply equally to it and to the other—*Eve* (165), by Mr. Walder Marshalls; both of which deserve mention, for clever handling and beautiful form,—while both are wanting in that which is the crowning grace of sculpture, ideality,—the life, and the individual life, which vouch for the artist's intention, and are the gift of his highest inspiration. It is possible to produce the first of these effects,—to record the sculptor's meanings,—by clever treatment, that yet stops short of that supreme quality; but the work, which not merely is suitable to those intentions when they are understood, but proclaims them in its own unaided language, is the only great work of sculpture. To this one and entire expression, all the sentiment of the character and action are necessary. *The Mercury* of Mr. Park is a figure of remarkable cleverness. The modelling is excellent, the forms are graceful—and very original, and the action is full of spirit. The peculiarity of the forms and attitude at once announce a supernatural existence; and there is that sense of airy movement and divine elasticity, which, if the work itself held no contradictory language, would well bespeak the "herald Mercury" and his capa-

city for "lighting on a heaven-kissing cloud." Seen at some such distance, the illusion might be complete. But why, on limbs that announce the deity, has it been Mr. Park's pleasure to put the head of a money-changer? The expression of the face is most mortal, and of a low order of mortality, too. Craft, not subtlety, is the character conveyed—the cunning, not of a god, but of an old-clothesman—not of Mercury, but of Moses. The work in which the divine messenger is engaged properly suggests a look of slyness; but the slyness should be that of an immortal intelligence,—a satirist the most refined. Mr. Marshalls had an easier task. His *Eve* is, as she should be, a woman—and a beautiful one; though, for the first of the type, as coming direct from the hand of God, the artist might have ventured upon somewhat more of ideality, even as regards her human proportions. However, she may stand well for *Eve*—but *Eve*, in the act of stealing the apple, guarded by its awful penalty, she is not. A story like this is not to be told by the merely material. Here is one of those works in which we know well enough, by the aid of its familiarity, what incident it is that the sculptor would express. The apples are there and the serpent, and they enlighten us; but where is the sentiment of the portentous action, on that sweet and passionless face? There is neither terror, nor doubt, nor awe, nor the strong desire that overcomes them,—nor the solemn shadow of the dreary destiny then accomplishing, which a great poet-sculptor might have flung over the unconscious face, to replace all these. The lady could scarcely be more at her ease, if she were gathering apples in the garden of the Hesperides. Mr. Marshalls can work well; let him think,—and he will be a sculptor.

Not far from the *tempted*, stands—we should say reclines, in an easy chair—one who has all the look of a tempter. This is, certainly, a clever work, *Lord Brougham* (167), by Mr. E. Papworth; and we cannot say we like it the worse,—though it takes something from the merit of its art, as portrait,—that it makes its subject look ridiculous. The likeness is admirable,—almost to caricature; the sense of caricature, however, not arising, as is usual, out of exaggeration, but from the true and vivid representation of the features and expression. The lounging attitude is given, with extraordinary ease; but there is something about the whole combination that irresistibly suggests the presence of a conjuror,—one of the charlatans of the world. His lordship might have sat for Cagliostro. Had it been intended for a satire, it would have been a clever one. It is impossible, we think, that his lordship can be greatly pleased with this model,—but it has amused the public very much.

The Archer or Eagle Slayer (106), by Mr. John Bell, is a work which will be passed over by no visitor to this collection. It is a fine piece of modelling. The action is bold, real and appropriate. Vigorous thought is rendered by vigorous execution. The unfinished group of *Saint George and the Dragon* (93), by Hamilton and Carleton McCarthy, deserves praise of the same quality. Great ease of attitude and freedom of action—power proclaimed without convulsive effort—augur well for the school in which the genius of these sculptors is growing up. Mr. George Templeton's *Saint John the Divine* (96) is, we should fancy, unfinished—though it is not so stated. If not, the artist must finish better, ere he can do justice to his own conception. The drapery seems scarcely handled at all; and would, we suspect, be poor and ineffective, in any case. But the figure is graceful, and the face beautiful,—characterless however, and certainly too effeminate for a disciple. This artist must avoid affectation. So must Mr. E. G. Physick; whose figure of *Timidity* (160), beautiful both in modelling and action, is marred by that defect. The sculptor cannot be too early or earnestly warned against this artistic sin. There is no one of the mannerisms so difficult to cure, where it has once got hold—and where not cured, it kills whatever high qualities the sculptor may possess in unwholesome combination with it. It substitutes mere attitude for natural action, and degrades expression down to chiselled phrasing. It is akin to the sentimental; and both of them have but a bastard relation to true and legitimate sentiment. *A Youth at a Stream* (155) by J. H. Foley, is a some-

what similar subject as the last (the sexes different), treated with more nature and simplicity, but deficient in character. Mr. A. Handyside Ritchie's *Sophronia and Olinda at the Stake* (105) has both the sentimental defect and the further one of being characterless and common-place:—while Mr. Geo. G. Adams's *Ancient Briton as a Scout*, has action, character, expression and modelling, all, to recommend it.

Caractacus and his family appear twice before *Claudius Caesar*, in this Exhibition—once in Mr. F. D. H. Brown's modelling (94), and again in that of Mr. N. Spence (144). There is talent in the first of these;—of which, however, if the author would enjoy the benefit, he must escape to its protection, from the ridicule attaching to his performance at present, under cover of a misnomer. The group has character—but the wrong character; is clever modelling but a false reading. It is true, as has been remarked, of this group, that it resembles a family of tramps:—call it *that*, and the work has merit. But an improved perusal of history will tell Mr. Brown, that he need not descend to the coarsest and most vulgar types of mendicant life, for models of an ancient British king and his family. He may, not unprofitably, commence these new studies, by an examination of Mr. Spence's work: where *Caractacus*, though a barbarian, looks a chief, and holds up his warrior-head, as *Caractacus* would, in presence of his conqueror. The conception, here, is very good.

Canute reproving his Flatterers, is here twice—by Mr. R. C. Lucas, (98), and Mr. Peter Slater, (126). We cannot feel that either of them gives our reading of the character. Of Mr. Slater's we will say nothing. Mr. Lucas's has merits. The group is well composed, the details are cleverly made out, and the attitude, if not very expressive, is appropriate. But the action is somewhat too calm, and the character too tame. It should be remembered, that this is essentially a melodramatic tale. Nothing can ever confer on King Canute the degree of a philosopher, less than the obliteration of all the records of his life save this one. He is here as a deliberate actor; and strong expression only can convey the moral to which he gave such theatrical utterance, in the persons of him and his courtiers. The subject is better suited to painting than to sculpture; and here we may remark, generally, that in the new career which is opening for the sculptor, one of the most important studies for him regards the safe limits of his art. In casting loose from the conventional themes by which the British sculptor has so long held on, it would be a great mistake if he should suppose that all the fair places of his country's poetry and history are fit landing spots for him. Once more, while warning the young sculptor against the Greek themes,—which must make him a copyist, and have no national sympathies to answer them,—we refer him to the Greek canons—which will make him an artist, and are for all nations. There is a very fine work of this same artist's, in the present collection (99), which is thus presented in the catalogue: *Lilla, by his own death, preserves the life of Edwin*—but to which also, the foregoing remarks apply. In many respects, this is surpassed by few things in the exhibition. It has powerful action, great expression, free and vigorous modelling; but there is a sort of novelty affected in the composition (a novelty, certainly, we believe, but not, we regret to say, the only example of it in this collection) which cannot, as it seems to us, be too soon dismissed from the practice of our sculptors. The figures are so grouped as to offer no point of view in which they present one general front to the spectator. According to this new practice, he must look over sculptured shoulders, and dive into sculpture-depths, to get a glimpse of important and significant characters in the story,—or walk round and round figures, to catch them in detail. It is easy to see to what extravagances this licence of composition may lead. It is no effectual argument, in answer—though we presume it is the one intended—to say, that, dealing as sculpture does with positive and rounded forms, it admits—as no other of the forms of art do—these combinations, in imitation of nature, who, herself, groups after this fashion. It is admitted that this is nature—but it is not art. Art represents nature, by laws and within limits of her own. It is the

privilege and office of sculpture—and nothing great has been done in which it is strained or overstepped—to take a subject over which presides a single idea,—and present it, whole and unbroken, in its own peculiar language, to the mind of the spectator, at once. The story cannot be read, bit by bit—laid down, and taken up again—to produce its legitimate effect. Nature generalizes; but it is the business of art to select. Nature is universal; and so is Art, as to her objects,—but not to her means. Each one of the arts has a vocabulary and a grammar of its own; and the fault of Mr. Lucas's work, as we view it, is a fault of sculptural construction.

Boadicea, Queen of the Iceni (113) is a group, and a fine one, by Mr. J. Henning, Jun. There is energy and expression in the principal figure,—much beauty in the subordinate ones. Subject, treatment, and execution, all place it among those contributions to this exhibition which make it one of promise for the art. *Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury* (of Henry the 6th's time), by Mr. C. S. Kelsey (116), is a clever statue,—the details carefully made out; but does not convey the character of the bold and fiery Talbot. There is a clever figure of *Burns* (123), by Mr. D. Duncan, Jun.,—with the Tartan plaid folded round him, and gathered up over the left arm into effective and characteristic drapery. The expression is good,—but there is a strange likeness to Sir Walter Scott, about the face. Mr. Thrupp's *Hindoo, throwing a javelin*, has good modelling and action. Mr. Henry Mares's *King Charles parting with his Children* (130) displays another of those eccentric arrangements of the figures to which we have adverted; but, in this instance, the eccentricity has little else to redeem it. It might be worth knowing, as a matter of curiosity, where Mr. Mares got the study for the head of his Charles. But all the figures are curiosities, in their way,—and the group is a curiosity greater than the sum of them all. *Jane Shore* (134), by Mr. John Bell, is a beautiful statue—the sentiment of the character, in her day of penance, well conveyed. The figure is somewhat of the tallest—we do not remember if that be an historic property. *Margaret of Anjou and her Son meeting the Robber, after the Battle of Hexham* (141), is a work doing credit to its author, Mr. J. A. P. Mac Bride. It belongs to the more ambitious works of sculpture in the exhibition, and sustains its place amongst them well. The queenly dignity is ably preserved to the heroine, amid her desolation; the contending sentiment of her lofty place and low-brought fortunes, cleverly conveyed. But the finest work of this class, in the exhibition, to our thinking, is *The Burial of the Princess in the Tower of London* (153), by Mr. H. C. Shenton, Jun. This touching scene of a mournful drama is rendered with uncommon effect—its pathos wonderfully conveyed, for a medium so positive and cold. The very silence and mystery of the scene are expressed. The awed and saddened look of the ruffian soldier, as he gazes on the sweet dead face he is laying to its rest—his gentle (almost womanly) handling and subdued demeanour,—are all of the poetry of the episode, and announce a chisel from which great things may be expected.

But there are yet a number of works in the collection which claim a word of notice; and we may return to it, for their sakes, on a future occasion.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The First Walpurgis Night. A poem, by Goethe, translated from the German by W. Bartholomew, Esq., and set to Music by Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Op. 60.—The Philharmonic performance of Monday last, renders a brief notice of this work seasonable. A more singular production has rarely been laid before the English public.

The subject belongs to that class, in which our cousins-German delight, but which it is hard for our countrymen to bring home to their sympathies. The purely supernatural has, it is true, always allured them: witness the success of *'Der Freischütz'*: since, on its first production, so mutilated was the music, that it must have been the owl with fiery eyes, the skeleton chace, and the magic bullets, which gave the drama its popularity, as much as the original melodies. Then, the devotional never

fails to attract in England; provided it be orthodox. But here, to speak concisely, the witch-work is make-believe—the worshippers a group of sincere Pagans, in the devout performance of whose rites the work ends. These are stumbling-blocks. As to the deep and philosophical meaning, which, we doubt not, Goethe had in view—the showing how superstition might originate in the partly-enlightened, by the persecution of the superstitious—we question if it has entered the comprehension of one out of the hundred who have turned over the pages of this Concert-Cantata—and, among the few who recognize its mystic import, a moiety at least will doubt the expediency of such a subject being taken as ground-work for a work of art, which is to address the comprehension of the million.

Leaving this question to be settled by those who concern themselves with the expediency or in expediency of introducing symbolism in Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, let us look at the *'First Walpurgis Night'* in its dramatic aspect. In this view, it is a remarkable work: in places as full of spirit as if Callot had designed it: in places as free in its outlines, and as bold in its play of light and shadow, as if it had come from the storm-pencil of "tempestuous Rosa"—with here and there (perhaps too sparingly for the ear's relief) an episode of pure, fresh, and delicate melody—the whole closing with a noble strain of devout adoration, which rises, and rises to the last note, without enthusiasm ever becoming frenetic, or rapture losing its dignity. To specify a little more precisely—the composition commences with an overture, called in the original German score, *'The Foul Weather,'* a winter scene, wrought out with great force and elaborateness. The movement, however, is perhaps, too much prolonged; and, either from want of clearness in the orchestral execution, or want of contrast in its main phrases, struck us on hearing, as on perusal, to be less effective, than sundry which succeeded it. It melts into a May-chorus for *soprano* voices; so lovely and fresh that we are inclined to quarrel with it as too short: this again spreads into a chorus with tenor *solo* of the Druids, who will go forth on the mountain to fulfil their rites. Here, as ever in Mendelssohn's works, the alternation of one voice with a mass, is most happily managed—the great rapidity of the tempo, however, stands in the singer's way, rendering it hopeless in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, that the composer's effect should be given to it. No. 2. is a *contralto solo* and chorus for female voices, breathing dissuasion and fear. The singer points out the peril to which they are exposed, from their Christian foemen, in a movement full of the truest dramatic expression. Then rises the voice of the Priest, to hearten those whose souls are sinking, with an appeal to duty and a promise of protection. The music given to this Patriarch throughout, is in a high strain of exaltation: yet, so finely is it coloured, that, like the Heathen Chorus in *'St. Paul,'* it could not be adapted to Christian religious uses, without essential loss of effect. Then succeed four scenic movements, as we must call them, so admirably dramatic is their style. The first is a chorus, in which the Priest disperses the strong men of the company, to guard the avenues to the place of worship. This seems to be the favourite movement—it is written in that suppressed *staccato* style, which, on stage authority, belongs to silence, caution, and mystery, and has never been more happily employed. But, because of this very similitude, not to say conventionalism, we value it less than other parts of the work;—nothing, however, can be more striking and immediate than its success. This done, the Priest declares that, for further security, they will avail themselves of the fears of their persecutors, and feign to be the demons, whom they are said to worship. After a grotesque movement, *alla marcia*, for male voices, the instrumentation of which is one of the most original things on record and to be recommended as a study to all who are seeking the legitimate means of fantastic colouring, the whole tribe bursts into such a wild and eldritch chorus, as could only belong to a *Witches' Sabbath*. Here, moreover, with all the outcry and yell and scream, which become positively appalling by their own continuous violence, we must mark the maintenance of a clear design and a tuneful melody, as one of those achievements which separate the master from the charlatan—the genius from the imitator. Weber's

success in the *'Wolf's Glen,'* deluged the German stage with *bizarre* and supernatural music, in which, by the taking of uncouth intervals, and the unnatural union of instruments,† a certain strangeness and sombreness of effect was attained; but this is not composition, so much as eccentric calculation. In this witch chorus, however, Handel himself could not have worked the subjects for voices and orchestra more regularly.—Bethoven not have pushed the climax further. Pleasing the chorus assuredly is not, but as a powerful, strange and descriptive thing—a positive *root* of ferocious animation, we recollect nothing like it. To estimate its value as a piece of musical construction, with reference to effect, the student cannot do better than turn to Meyerbeer's vaunted *finale* to the fourth Act of *'Les Huguenots'*—also a masterpiece—and observe the shifts, the changes of tempo, the introduction of new phrases, the employment of unison,—in brief, the fragmentary structure of the whole, as compared with this *allegro molto*. Well may the Christian host fly before such a demonic cantic, in shuddering belief that the powers of Evil are let loose in bodily form. The ground is cleared, the Pagan hymn of admiration rises, solemn and triumphant, led by the Priest;—and so ends the *First Walpurgis Night*.

It is fair to warn the reader that this composition gains immensely by orchestral performance, if for no other reason than that the stringed instruments are eminently wanted to sustain the voices throughout their arduous task. As we have elsewhere remarked, too, in his mixtures of sound, still more in his varieties, Dr. Mendelssohn's art is consummate—amounting to creative genius. We cannot close this slight notice without reminding the public that, within the last two years, we have had from the same source, the *'Antigone'* choruses, the *'Midsummer Night's Dream'* music, and now the work before us, which, though written many years ago, was but recently retouched and completed. If this does not establish the versatility of our late guest, and, thereby, give him due place—the first—among the living musical composers of Europe, we know not how the feat should be accomplished.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—We do not remember many more vehement opera controversies, in these *poco-curante* days, than have been excited by the engagement of Sig. Moriani. Extravagantly praised by certain journals, triumphantly received, on every appearance, by a large party of enthusiasts, there is another body, including *cognoscenti* of no mean note, whose denial of his pretensions amounts to ridicule. According to the former, he is, as a singer, superior to Rubini—an actor who teaches us how to express pathos and passion: according to the latter, his voice is already gone; and in his best days he was "vox et præterea nihil." The flatterers and the depreciators alike overlook their parts. Let us attempt something like truth: referring our readers to the character put forth last week, which we see small reason to alter or modify. We know not how the rare richness and beauty of Sig. Moriani's tone can be gainsayed, unless we are to learn a new scale of force and sweetness; or that in the refinements of gradation he is accomplished, and thereby qualified to succeed in slow *cantabile*, where ornament is dispensed with. This (with the solitary exception of the passage in the contract *finale* objected to last week) is all that is strictly required in *'Lucia.'* On the other hand, as we have still to discover the Signor's accomplishments as a singer, we cannot admit the praise lavished on him in that character. It is a new phase of impatience of study and labour—it assumes that the artist has the greatest resources who can do the least: mistaking incapacity for classicism! Who will gainsay the simple grandeur of Pasta? yet she was among the most brilliant of singers, when brilliancy was needed. Mara, again—the woman who, as one of her German adorners expressed it, "had a nightingale's nest in her throat"—possessed such a command over the plain scale, that she could sustain every tone, without the slightest trembling, when in

† In this lies the secret of many of Meyerbeer's popular effects: the three bassoons in the cloister scene of the *'Robert'*—the gigantic trumpets in the cavern-orgue from the same opera, not forgotten.—In this, too, we suspect, resides the invention of M. Berlioz: since assuredly, the idea in the *'Sabbat'* of his *'Harold'* Symphony, a movement somewhat analogous to the above, is very incongruous.

rapid bodily motion. Till one half can be made equal to a whole (we are ashamed of being compelled to use such an obvious illustration), the singer with the largest amount of power, natural and executive, will be the greatest singer: style (which makes the artist) being to choose when the voice is prepared for any duty. Leaving, however, the storm of contest to rage its loudest, let us speak of the revival of 'Anna Bolena.' The part of *Percy* does not display Sig. Moriani to his best advantage, or Thursday was one of his uncertain evenings. The first song was but coarsely sung, and not well in tune. In the hunting scene, however, the tenor had rallied, and in a duet with Grisi, interpolated before the first *finale*, gained an *encore*. His *solo*, too, in the *terzetto* of the second act, was given with great feeling and truer intonation. Lastly came his 'Vivi tu'—his, we must add, not *ours*. Truth lies between the super-elasticity of Rubini's manner of singing it, (which some of our contemporaries have misrepresented as a profusion of embellishment,) and the heaviness with which it was enunciated by Sig. Moriani. He was languid rather than pathetic, in the first movement; in the second more fitful than inspired. The feeling of the rhythm seems never to have been properly cultivated in him, and, possibly, its extinction is one feature of the declamatory school, where pauses, and *sforzandi*, and long-drawn sighs, the only means of effect, can only be obtained at the expense of the *tempo* and the musician's thoughts. The young Italians bid fair to become as guiltless of *measure* as the old English singers of Handel's slow songs. A Signora Rosetti made a creditable appearance as *Jane Seymour*: she has a high and correct *soprano* voice, rather wiry in quality, but sufficiently powerful. The music was neatly given; the text, however, was somewhat unintelligible: her person is agreeable, and her acting proper. Miss Edwards sang the part of *Snouton* nearly half a tone too sharp, and made sad havoc of Mercadante's 'Or la sull' onda,' which beautiful song was introduced to give her an opportunity for display. Our prophecies are fast fulfilling in the increase of public impatience. We need not speak of Grisi and Lablache in their well-known characters. Neither has lost an attraction, since the two last performed in 'Anna Bolena' here; the lady seems, on the contrary, to have gained a finer finish and a more sustained fervour. The want of method of the new artists makes these old favourites appear colossal by contrast.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The scheme of the *Eighth Concert* comprised Beethoven's 'Eroica'—a song, by Nicolai, for Herr Staudigl—a Corelli trio, for the exhibition of Mr. Lindley's tone and trills—the prize choruses for 'As You Like It,' written for Mr. Macready, by Mr. H. Smart—Dr. Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis-night'—a violin concerto by M. Sauton—a selection from Beethoven's music to 'The Ruins of Athens,' and the overture to 'Oberon.' Here, at all events, was variety enough: and we feel that one of its component parts, the *Cantata*, is best discussed separately: a note or two on other pieces claiming "ample room." The *Eroica* Symphony probably never went so well in England: the Funeral March *moved*, without irreverence or hurry—in most hands, it is allowed to "drag its length along"—though the sleepiest of conductors could hardly make it "slow." The very difficult *trio* to the minuet was more precise than we recollect it; and the *finale*—over which grave professors might be seen shaking their heads so lately as ten years ago, as mysteries too deep or too shallow to be worth fathoming—came out as clear and intelligible, as one of Haydn's light rondos. There has certainly been progress since we first knew the Philharmonic orchestra:—there are drawings of intelligence as well as displays of mechanical readiness—there is a disposition to submit to authority, without conceiving independence fatally perilled thereby. Still—as any one must be aware who has paid minute attention to the rehearsals—the band is far from recognizing the functions of the conductor; and, it may be emphatically asserted, that till this is reformed—till, in short, a spirit of harmonious subordination for Art's sake can be assumed—all prosperity must be transient; and our London model concert, when dispassionately rated, must hold but a low rank among the musical establishments of Europe. We may

have more to say on this subject, when the Philharmonic campaign for next year is determined on: in the meanwhile, the above remarks are fully warranted, at the moment when we take a reluctant farewell of Dr. Mendelssohn as a conductor of classical music. It is disagreeable to go on: but we must. Mr. Smart's scene from 'As You Like It,' is neither Shakspearian nor scenic—but the work of one who has little acquaintance with the stage or the orchestra, and does not exhibit a fresh or willing vein of melody. A thousand pieces by Sir H. Bishop occur to us, proving this character by contrast:—there is more of the Bard of Avon, in any five bars from his 'Orpheus with his lute,' or 'Bid me discourse,' or 'By the simplicity,' than in the whole noisy quarter of an hour's music inflicted upon us on Monday. The words, it is true, are not particularly suggestive—but there was the colouring of the most gracious and courtly pastoral, and the freshest withal, that the world has ever enjoyed, to help the composer: in place of which, he has overlaid his bridal chorus with as much "cymbal and gong," as if it had been designed for the wedding of a Chrononhotonthologos! Lastly, we must speak of the selection of the music from 'The Ruins of Athens.' This was, in part, sacrificed, by the place it was made to occupy—in part, failed of the effect due to its vigour and beauty, owing to its original nature—which is occasional: that is, written for a special purpose. The words from Von Kotzebue's *Masque* devised for the opening of the theatre at Pesti, become unintelligible, when disconnected, and transferred, without links and explanations, to the concert-bill, and the musical pieces are felt to be short and purposeless; though, in themselves, full of such originality as Beethoven only could command; witness the *Dervise* chorus, No. 4; and of such grace as none knew better than himself how to exercise; witness the smoother chorus, No. 5, which, for its tranquil and melodious beauty, may pair off with the Minuet to his *Sinfonia* in F. We hope for many opportunities of returning to this music, which comes, legitimately, within the scope of the management of the Ancient Concert—but must now content ourselves with this passing mention of it: and take our leave of the most interesting Philharmonic season within the memory of subscriber.

HERR ERNST'S CONCERT.—We know not whether the enthusiastic reception met with by Herr Ernst at his concert, yesterday week, ought most to have gratified the man or the musician. We are inclined, however, to think that recognition of his recent munificence had less to do with it, than honest artistic admiration. At all events, it is many years since violin-playing has given us the same amount of pleasure. Herr Ernst's first appearance was in Mendelssohn's violin quartett in E minor, which he led with such breadth, such expressiveness, such brilliancy, and such delicacy, as to enchant ears unused to care for "such learned music." The *scherzo* was *encored*. Honour also must be given to Herr Ernst's assistants, MM. Goffrie, Hill, and Hausmann. The next violin piece was a *fantasia*, including a theme (we believe from a French opera) with variations. This displayed the executant artist in his highest force: one of his marvels was *encored*. Next, he joined Mr. Moscheles in Beethoven's *Kreutzer* Sonata, which was, possibly, never played better;—next, after the 'Erl King' had been sung by Miss Dolby, accompanied by Dr. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, Herr Ernst gave the composition as a violin *solo*. We do not like transcription on principle, but this, as an evidence of command, was of high quality. Another brilliant *solo* completed the *programme*, as far as the concert-giver was concerned. We cannot take leave of him, without repeating, that among all the modern violinists—De Beriot not forgotten—Herr Ernst is the one most calculated to give pleasure to the musician and thoughtful amateur, and this by great variety co-existent with a presiding grandeur of style. Now and then it may be regretted that his intonation is not wholly faultless, but that the error is ascribable to nervous disorder and not to imperfect command of strings and bow, all the world can hear. We would fain hope this uncertainty will disappear with time. Besides the pieces specified, the triple concerto of Bach was repeated by MM. Moscheles, Mendelssohn, and Döhler; and the latter played his

own *tarantella* solo with great applause. The singers were Miss Dolby and Herr Staudigl.

HAYMARKET.—The Prize Comedy keeps its place on the stage, though it does not grow in favour with the public, being rather tolerated than liked. It never can be popular, however curiosity may attract people to see it. A new farce called 'The Milliner's Holiday,' which is thought to be funny from its preposterous absurdity, and excites the laughter of such as enjoy a laugh without caring what it amuses them, has brought good half-prices to the Haymarket; and the return of Madame Vestris and Mr. C. Mathews will also increase the attractions. An exchange of shots has taken place between Mrs. Gore and Mr. C. Mathews, the daily press being the medium for firing the paper pellets, touching Mr. and Mrs. Mathews's declining to play in the Prize Comedy. Whether any specific refusal was given or not, is matter of no moment; Madame Vestris and her husband might have taken parts in the cast, and did not; for this no one can blame them, since there is not a character suited to either. The absence of their names from the cast was disadvantageous, but their talents would not have bettered the chances of the success of the piece, for the best acting could not infuse vitality into a drama that has no organization for stage life.

THE LYCEUM.—The playwrights have pounced upon 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' and begun to "carve him as a dish fit for the gods," of the galleries. The Lyceum is the first to serve it up, and this is done in such capital style that the stage dressing makes people overlook the mutilations it has undergone at the hands of the dramatic cook. Keeley's personation of *Saurey Gamp* is a richly comic study of character; humorous without coarseness or exaggeration; it is a finished piece of art.

A broad burlesque of 'Aladdin,' at the PRINCESS'S, by Mr. G. A. Beckett, the spectacle of which is a very gay affair, contains a smart hit at the Post Office espionage, that is echoed by shouts of applause: this indeed is the best thing in the extravaganza, notwithstanding the parodies of popular songs and dances by Wright and Bedford.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—July 1.—A report was made of the result of the ballot in the committee of mineralogy and geology for a foreign correspondent, to replace the late Baron de Moll. The candidates were numerous. Amongst them were Mr. Murchison; M. Haussmann, of Göttingen; and M. Charpentier, of Switzerland. Mr. Murchison was elected; he had 27 out of 41 votes. M. Chevreul read a report on the various papers sent by M. Ebelmen, on the use of gas as an amelioration of the process of fusion in high furnaces.—MM. Ferret and Galinier presented a paper containing an account of barometrical and thermometrical observations made by them in their travels in Abyssinia, and also a geographical map of the country.—M. Amici presented a polariscope, so contrived as to demonstrate all the known facts of polarization. This was accompanied by a paper defending the microscope of his invention against some attacks made upon it by M. Matthieson, of Altona.—A communication was received from Dr. Mayer, of Bonn, on the electrical apparatus of the torpedo. The object of this paper is to prove that the ramifications of this apparatus are more extensive in the system of the animal which is endowed with it than has hitherto been supposed.—A letter was received from M. Paterson, of Paris, on improvements in mechanical substitutes for the loss of limbs.—A paper was read from M. Ducros, to show that the laws of the circulation of the blood are essentially electro-physical. According to this physician, the recoil of the sanguino-arterial globules, by transforming the functions of the arteries into venous functions, is the efficient cause of various diseases, such as chlorosis, typhus fever, &c. He proposes as a remedy the more frequent use of alkalis in inflammatory cases.

Oxford, July 6th, 1844.

The Lunar Theory.—Your Correspondent, Q. Q. (ante, p. 630) appears to flatter himself that he has placed me between the horns of a dilemma. I might deserve to rest in this unenviable position,

if, as a chemist, I had presumed to propose a "lunar theory," or to adopt one on such a subject, for any other purpose than that of illustration. But with all due respect to the dicta of astronomers, I confess I did not consider that we need concern ourselves with their opinions as to the condition of another planet, when balancing the rival claims of two theories which profess to account for phenomena taking place upon our own.—I am, &c.

CHARLES DAUBENY.

Mr. Rowland Hill.—The merits of the post-office reformer richly deserve the public acknowledgment which they are now receiving. Late disclosures will serve to suggest some possible reasons why his task was more than usually difficult, and why he so constantly met with departmental obstructions, and was anxiously sent adrift at the earliest opportunity. Post-office arrangements are more complicated than the public suspected. Popular odium, however, has been roused, the discipline of popular ridicule administered—activity is alive.—*Punch* publishes his Anti-Graham envelopes, other speculators propose padlock wafers, and every stationer's shop teems with the letter motto, "Not to be Grahamed." The national opinion has in every way been strongly and unequivocally expressed. Such reflections as these give a strong interest to the cast of a medallion of Mr. Rowland Hill, which we have just received. It is not only a good likeness, but has an artistic expression of meditiveness, that adds to its value as the portrait of a public benefactor. The artist is Mr. Bernard Smith.

A Magnetic Telegraph is now in full operation between the cities of Washington and Baltimore. The following examples will show the manner in which this instrument annihilates both time and space:—"On Saturday morning the batteries were charged, and the regular transmission of intelligence between Washington and Baltimore commenced, as we learn from the *Baltimore Patriot*. A large number of gentlemen were present to see the operations. At half-past 12 o'clock, the following was sent to Washington:—"Ask a reporter in Congress to send a despatch to the *Baltimore Patriot*, at 2 o'clock, p.m." In about a minute the answer came back thus: "It will be attended to." 2 p.m.—The despatch has arrived, and is as follows:—"1 o'clock—There has just been a motion in the house to go into committee of the whole on the Oregon territory. Rejected. Ayes, 79; noes, 86." "Half-past 1 o'clock—The house is now engaged on private bills." "Quarter to 2 o'clock—Mr. Atherton is now speaking in the Senate. Mr. S. will not be in Baltimore to-night." So that Baltimore papers are thus enabled to give their readers information from Washington up to the very hour of going to press. This is indeed the annihilation of space."—*New York Daily Sun*. [The distance between Baltimore and Washington is 34 miles.]—*Times*.

Fudge.—An addition has just been made to the many valuable manuscripts in the possession of the Roman Propaganda, under circumstances, which, as they are related, would be "curious if true." One of its former pupils, passing lately, by way of Jerusalem, to his native country, Chalden, visited amongst other things, the interior of the cave known as the Grotto of Absalom. While engaged in its examination, the ground gave way beneath his feet, and he found himself at the entrance of a passage hitherto unsuspected. After some groping in the dark, his foot struck against a roll of parchment, which on examination proved to be a copy of the Pentateuch. The Roman account goes on to state that the English consul at Jerusalem endeavoured to purchase the manuscript, at a large price; but the faithful son of the Propaganda refused the temptation, sending it to the college which had educated him!

Mirwart.—The Belgian papers announce for sale, the domain of Mirwart—a place holding the first rank among the historical monuments of that country. It has been in the several occupations of John, King of Bohemia, the Emperor Sigismund, Charles-le-Téméraire, and many other of the princes and lords whose names figure in the annals of Belgium.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E.T.R.P.—M.—received.

We are obliged to T.B.—It is out of our power to answer P.E.

KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME.

THE ENGLISHMAN IN EGYPT: Letters written during a Residence in Cairo, in 1843 and 1844, with E. W. LAKE, Esq., Author of 'The Modern Egyptians.' By his Sister. Volume One. London: Charles Knight & Co. 22, Ludgate-street.

PAR COURRIER EXTRAORDINAIRE. LA SUITE DU JUIF ERRANT.—LE COURRIER DE L'EUROPE (Bobin's French Newspaper) will publish, every Saturday, two chapters more than any other French Journal, of 'The Wandering Jew,' by the Author of 'Les Mystères de Paris.' Le Courrier de l'Europe, during five years, has presented to the English reader a complete résumé of the News of the Week, and textually all the best articles on Politics and Literature, Romance, Poems, &c., published in the Parisian Newspapers. Subscription, 6s. 6d. per quarter, received at the Office, 10, Wellington-street; by Joseph Thomas, 1, Finch-lane, Cornhill; and all Newsmen. Single numbers 6d. each. Those containing the commencement of 'Le Juif Errant,' may still be obtained as above.

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NEW BOOKS PUBLISHED DURING THE SEASON, BY MR. MURRAY.

TISSISS LIFE OF LORD ELDON.
FEATHERSTONHAUGH'S SLAVE STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

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London: published by Simpkin & Co. Paternoster-row; and

Of whom may be had, by the same Author, 8th edit., price 16s.

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GENERAL ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ASSURANCE COMPANY, held in their Office, No. 3, Waterloo-place, the 3th of July, 1844.

HANANEL DE CASTRO, Esq., Deputy Chairman of the Directors, in the Chair.

The Annual Reports of the affairs of the Company for the year 1843, required by their Deed of Settlement, having been laid before the Meeting and approved, the Shareholders expressed the great satisfaction with which the Directors again met the Shareholders, to have an opportunity to explain to them the very favourable progress of their affairs. 1st. The Assurances effected during the year 1841 amounted to above £50,000, more by above £60,000, than in 1842. 2ndly. The Premiums of Assurance were greater by 7,732, in 1843 than in 1842. 3rdly. The increase of the Funds of the Company in 1841 amounted to £8,651. And, 4thly, the Report of their Actuary, Mr. KING, showed, that the number of Deaths of the Assured since the Establishment of the Company in 1834 had only been 136, instead of 228, the number provided for by the Tables of the Equitable Society.

It would also be gratifying to the Proprietors to learn, that the amount of Assurances effected in the first half of the year 1844, was greater by £3,491, than in the first half of 1843; and the premiums of Assurance were proportionally greater to the extent of 1,064, and also that the Annual Income of the Company, at 30th June 1844, as nearly as it can be ascertained, was £2,170.

The general result on which Mr. STUART congratulated the Shareholders, is, that in about ten years the paid-up capital of the Company, all of which is invested in Government securities, had been far more than quadrupled after payment of all claims and expenses, after appropriating a bonus of 3 per cent. per annum from the dates of their Establishment to the acquisition of Participating Policies, and after payment to the Shareholders half-yearly dividends, at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum, from the date of their advances to 1st January 1841, and 0.6 per cent. from that date.

The Meeting would also, Mr. STUART added, be glad to know, that the Directors had secured the additional accommodation required for the Office, by the purchase of the premises of the increasing transactions of the Company, by the acquisition of the premises adjoining to those of the Company now in occupation of the London and Westminster Bank, to be ceded by the latter on removing their Establishment to a house in the neighbourhood now preparing for them.

Mr. DE CASTRO, the Chairman of the Meeting, expressed his entire concurrence in Mr. STUART's statements, and confirmed the view of the affairs of the Company laid before the Meeting. He congratulated the Shareholders, that there were good grounds for their believing that their affairs were managed with caution, prudence, and judgment.

The Meeting unanimously approved of the Reports made to them, and voted their thanks to the Chairman, Deputy Chairman, and Directors, and most especially to Mr. EDWARD BOYD, the Resident Director and the Founder of the Company, to whose unceasing exertions, and to the talent he had displayed, the Company was under the deepest obligations.

The thanks of the Meeting having then been voted to Mr. DE CASTRO for his conduct in the Chair, the Meeting separated.

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FIRE DEPARTMENT.

RETURNS.—The Directors request reference to the fact, that Twenty per Cent. was returned by this Company on the amount of Premiums paid for the first five years up to Christmas, 1841, on all Policies for 3000, and upwards, which had been in force for one year at that time.

The next periodical Accounts for Returns will be made up to Christmas, 1846.

KENT.—This Office (independent of the Returns), offers to Persons effecting Assurances, the further advantage of an abatement for the loss of Rent on Buildings rendered untenable by Fire.

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The attention of the Public has, in the Advertisements and Proposals of this Company of five years, been called to a Table of Additions applicable to and expectant on Policies of particular dates and ages; the Directors now beg to refer to a Statement (which may be obtained on application at the Office in Chesapeake-street, or to any of the Agents in the Country) of the actual progress, showing the Sums respectively Assured and the Bonuses thereon.

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On Monday next, viz.
AN ESSAY ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF THE GREEK LANGUAGE. By G. J. PENNINGTON, M.A. late Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. John Murray, Albemarle-street.

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